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MASTERLY INACTIVITY.

SOME years ago it was asserted in Washington, by a jocular Senator of the United States that it would be a happy thing for America and England if South Carolina and Ireland could be firmly linked together, tugged out into the middle of the Atlantic, and there scuttled. But the senator was wrong to complain, for South Carolina and Ireland are, doubtless, wise dispensations of Providence, and allowed to exist and to be troublesome for some beneficent purposes unknown to statesmen. Possibly the United States might wax too powerful and too proud, and become too dangerous to the rest of the world, if it were not for negro slavery and South Carolina. Great Britain also, like any very rich and over-powerful individual in private life, requires a drop of bitterness in the full cup of her prosperity, to warn her that she is but mortal at the best, and to teach her becoming humility. Perhaps she has more than one such drop in her cup, but if there be only one, that one is Ireland.

At the present moment a knot of persons in both of these regions are exhibiting themselves before the world, and discharging the recognized and possibly wholesome functions allotted to them, of stirring up the muddy pool of politics, and troubling the sleep of sensitive and quiet people by angry and minatory clamours. South Carolina, a poor, small, and but half-cultivated state, threatens to secede from the great American confederacy; and Ireland, if she be represented by the person styled "The O'Donoghue," threatens, in a similar manner, to throw off her allegiance to the British Government, and to live independently of the tyrant Sassenach. But the South Carolinians, foolish as they may be, are in one respect entitled to greater deference than the Irish under Mr. O'Donoghue. They are really alarmed and thoroughly in earnest, whereas the Irish cry is a sham from beginning to end,—as mere a spurt of ungovernable animal spirits and innate love of a row for a row's sake, as any whoop of defiance in a shebeen shop, or any flourishing of a shillelah that ever cracked a skull at Donnybrook fair.

Every one knows the policy that will be pursued by the British Government in the case of the Irish malcontents—the great and wise policy of "LAISSEZ FAIRE." The Irish Roman Catholics do not know that they enjoy freedom, and are, consequently, not thankful for the blessing. All that can be done with them, or for them, is to let them talk till they become the world's laughing-stock, as they assuredly will be, if no one interferes with them. They prate about "nationality" as if there were any such thing in Europe as an unmixed nationality except that of the Jews, and as if nationality were in itself a cry that would or ought to rouse any nation to revolt, irrespective of grievous oppression, or denial of personal rights and civil and religious liberty. Their acts, too, are as senseless as their words. With fine phrases of liberty, independence, and nationality in their mouths, they despatch a thousand mercenary poor wretches to aid the Pope and the Cardinals in depriving the Italians of Central Italy of every right of self-government. The Liberty that Irish patriots enjoy without knowing it, is not to be enjoyed by Italians of the Legations. Independence is declared to be a good thing for the people of Dublin, but not for those of Rome; while nationality, with "MacMahon, Roi d'Irlande," is, in the estimation of all the O'Donoghues (for we suppose there must be more than one of the name), a proper thing on the western shores of St. George's Channel, but an improper thing between the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, with "Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy."

An agitation likely to be formidable to any Government must have some common sense and reason in it, and must be founded on a tangible grievance. But as Mr. O'Donoghue, and the silly people who support him, have no grievance, unless it be in the fact that they cannot destroy the Protestant Church; and as they exhibit as little wit as wisdom in the statement of their case, all that can be done with them is to let them alone. They prove, alike by the madness of their antics and their immunity from molestation, the strength of the Government under which they live, and the completeness of the liberty which they enjoy. A weak or tyrannical Government would have done the late Daniel O'Connell the honour of political martyrdom. It would certainly not have granted its contemptuous pardon to poor Mr. Smith O'Brien; and would just as certainly lay violent hands upon Mr. O'Donoghue of the Glens, or any other as outrageous a patriot.

The Federal Government of the United States will have a more difficult game to play with the discontented slave-owners of South Carolina, and of other States which may be induced to join in the movement for secession. It must not be forgotten that the people of Charleston, even in the quietest times, live in a state of chronic alarm; and heads of families in that city, and elsewhere farther south, habitually sleep with revolvers under their pillows, to be prepared to defend themselves in what they consider the not improbable case of a rising of the slave population. All these alarms, the growth of their own pet institution, have been exasperated and intensified by the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency—embittered, moreover, by the approaching loss of that political ascendancy which the pro-slavery Democrats have so long enjoyed and misused.

But as time wears on, and long before Mr. Buchanan shall have finally vacated the White House, and disrobed himself of the uneasy splendours that attend its occupancy, the Carolinians and all the states that now rave and bluster about the establishment of a Southern Confederacy, will have discovered, to the great tranquillization of their minds, that Mr. Lincoln is not so very black a Republican as he has been painted, and that a rising of the Slaves is nothing more than the distempered dream of their own consciences, and if attempted, would be put down by the North as vigorously as by the South. Mr. Buchanan is no greater friend of the stability of the Union than Mr. Lincoln, and Mr. Lincoln is no less its friend than Mr. Buchanan; and neither of these men will do anything to imperil the glorious fabric;—glorious in spite of slavery, and destined, there can be little doubt, to last for ages after negro slavery shall have become as much a tradition of past times as the feudal system of Great Britain. It is natural that the South should feel alarmed; it is not unnatural, under the circumstances, that it should talk of Disunion; but it will be most unnatural and most pernicious to the whole Confederation, but most seriously so to the South, if the talk should assume the form of action.

Mr. Buchanan's policy while in office, and Mr. Lincoln's policy, when he, in his turn, shall seat himself in the Presidential chair, will be alike the policy of "masterly inactivity." Far better to let Charleston, Mobile, and New Orleans sulk or talk sedition for a while, than to treat their discontent and terror as if they were crimes against the state, and invoke the power of the Federal law and authority against them. As in the case of Great Britain against the Irish repealers and disunionists, the wisest course is



the easiest; and it would be as cruel in a strong man to deny a weak woman the use of her tears or her tongue, or the relief of a hysterical fit, when fate, fortune, and circumstance go against her, as it would be in the strong North and West to deny the feeble and impatient South the necessary relief of angry words and bitter recriminations in so sad a reverse of political fortune. The fit of passion will subside if the Federal Government will simply trust to time, and do nothing; and the South, agreeably surprised a few months hence at finding all its alarms to be groundless, will fight with tongue and pen for the integrity of the Union as vehemently as it now attempts to assail it. LAISSEZ-FAIRE will save the Union, and the wisest men of both parties are quite aware of the fact.

THE NEW FRENCH TREATY.

THE commercial treaty with France was concluded, after eleven months' arduous and continued negotiations, on the 30th ult., and published in the *London Gazette* on the 1st inst. With its principal features the public are already acquainted. It enables the French to obtain our coal, iron, and machinery at an easy rate; and it enables them to send hither wine at a very low rate of duty, and silks, millinery, fruits, &c., free of all duty. The latter part of the treaty now completed consists of the many regulations which the French Government has made for imposing duties on our manufactures when imported. None of them are above 30 per cent. *ad valorem*, and the majority of them are 15 per cent., and several only 10. Many are specific duties framed on these bases, the exact relation of which to the value of the articles, can only be estimated by our manufacturers themselves. In general they are well satisfied with the rates; and as these are either a great reduction of former rates, or in many cases the substitution of rates lower than in most other countries for previous prohibitions, this result of the treaty is to place the trade of the two countries on a comparatively free footing.

All such treaties are to be considered under two aspects—one in relation to perfectly free trade, the other in relation to much-restricted trade. It is now well known and generally acknowledged, that there is no essential difference between the trade carried on among the inhabitants of the same political community—such as that of Great Britain and Ireland, and that carried on between them and the inhabitants of another political community, such as France. Industry is everywhere subject to the same laws, and all exchange everywhere depends on division of labour, on individual, territorial, and climatic peculiarities, which are common to the whole family of man. The very same circumstances which lead to the exchange of Berkshire cattle for Norfolk barley, lead to the exchange of English coal for French wine. Exchange, in truth, is natural to human society, and it is equally natural that it should be perfectly free, or carried on without any impediment from political or fiscal regulations. Under this aspect every commercial treaty, which, if it lessen or remove many restrictions, necessarily imposes some, is condemned by some writers and some thinkers. On this ground chiefly, but also because the treaty compels us to substitute direct for indirect taxation, Mr. McCulloch and others condemn it. It really imposes many restrictions on natural freedom. It hampers us by binding us to the regulations of France, and a dim view of this principle has induced several persons, who are not free-traders, to censure the treaty.

The treaty must, however, be considered in relation to the much-restricted trade for which it is substituted, not in relation to perfectly free-trade, which has not latterly been permitted between political communities. Under this aspect, when the wines and silks of France were burdened with heavy duties in England, and when the cutlery and cotton and earthenware of England were burdened with heavy duties in France, or totally prohibited, a commercial treaty which reciprocally lowers these duties, or abolishes these prohibitions is mutually extremely advantageous.

Under the former aspect, all the equivalent duties which diplomatists have devised, are only sorrowful means of lessening the advantages which are conferred by nature on all mankind, by giving them in different places different means of production. They are all restrictions and adverse to free-trade. The diplomatists who have taken a great deal of pains to adjust the multifarious duties, and reconcile the rival claims of the manufacturers in both countries, have only troubled themselves to inflict mischief on their mutual trade. Under the latter aspect these great labours and these multifarious and really vexatious regulations are the only means by which a better system can be introduced; and the negotiators deserve all the praise bestowed on them. The time will probably come, though it yet seems far off, when the interchange between Manchester and Bordeaux shall be as unembarrassed by fiscal restrictions as the interchange between Glasgow and London; and till then we must be thankful for every diminution of restrictions now known to be merely inimical to social welfare.

It is clearly in the power of either State to lower its customs duties and abolish its prohibitions, without consulting the other; and as we know from experience that this is greatly for the benefit of the State that does it, whatever other states may do, it is generally considered

wise to do it, without consulting any other state. But our relations with France are very peculiar. We are allies, and yet we are mutually suspicious. It is therefore of great importance that the peaceful relations of the two states should be increased by a mutual treaty, by which the commercial relations of the two peoples will be extended, their substantial interests become more nearly identical, and suspicion dispelled. If all policy be not wholly void of foundation, it could surely aim at no more noble objects than these; and therefore the commercial treaty is to be praised for its political tendencies, even if it be obnoxious to the principles of abstract free-trade.

Such a consequence throws all mere pecuniary advantages into the shade, and it seems idle and vain to declaim, after the manner of some of our contemporaries, against the superior advantages which the treaty will confer on France. We believe that it will confer much greater advantages on that country than on England, inasmuch as it is for it a great step towards free trade, and for us a very small one. It only opens to us, who at present have the run of the markets of the world, a little additional market to France: in opening our markets it opens indirectly all other markets. Our people may sell a few more yards of woollen and cotton, a few more knives and razors, a few more cups and saucers; but, for the sale of all these things, they will have to compete with the manufacturers of France and the other producers of Europe, and we do not calculate on a very great increase of our exports to France from having the French for our customers. But they will acquire a great many new conveniences which will stimulate their industry and produce amongst them great improvements. To produce nearly all the manufactures we produce, they labour under no positive disability; to produce some, they have more facilities than we have; and we see no reason why they should not, after a season, produce for themselves many of those things which, in the first instance, we shall supply them with. Our coal, and perhaps our iron, their wines and olives and silks, are peculiar advantages of each, the exchange of which, though mutually advantageous, seems likely to open out for France greater facilities for future production than for England. She will send to us articles of luxury for consumption, and we shall send to her articles that aid production. As she produces more, though it be of articles with which we expect to supply her, she will be sure to become on the whole a better and more opulent customer.

It must not be supposed, as Mr. Monckton Milnes strangely asserted a short time ago, that we have hitherto had no trade with France. The total value of our trade with her, exclusive of the exchange of the precious metals, which is large, was in 1859 upwards of £26,000,000, our trade with her exceeding that with any other country of the world except the United States and India. In ten months of the present year the imports from France of wine have increased nearly cent per cent, while of wheat they have fallen off to one-fourth, and of flour to nearly one-half. The change is partly due to the season, but as our demand for wine extends, and as the manufacturing interests in France expand, she will require a larger proportion of her own wheat and flour to feed her own people, and we shall not again, probably, ever receive from her in two successive years more grain of all kinds than from any other country. The trade between the two countries will undoubtedly increase much in consequence of the treaty, adding much to the wealth and happiness of both people, and strengthening the many bonds of peace that already exist between them; but probably its direction will be altered even more than it will increase. The more freedom industry enjoys the more it will use with skill the powers of nature, and the more delightful and profitable it will become.

TRUE—BUT INCREDIBLE.

WITH all the safeguards for personal liberty which are the Englishman's right, we occasionally note an occurrence which warns us of the imperfection of even the most wisely-devised institutions. Justice sometimes errs. The blind goddess, from time to time, draws a prize for the criminal in the shape of impunity, and we are content to stroke our mental plumes, and exclaim, that it is better many guilty should escape, than one innocent man suffer. But when she draws a blank for the innocent, she is too apt to prove herself not blind only, but also deaf. The bandage which covers her eyes, stops her ears to all appeal less loud than the voice of public reprobation. Justice sober will listen to no appeal from justice drunk. A case is now before us, so repulsive in its features, that if the wrong, at length exposed, be not speedily redressed, we fear that an institution valuable in itself, and founded with the most benevolent objects, will suffer from the mistake of a petty judge, and the unreason, to use no harsher term, of its officers.

The case we refer to is that of Robert Stephenson, a poor boy, who has been now for two years a prisoner in the *Akbar*, reformatory ship, at Liverpool. His offence was the being found, with nine or ten other boys, sleeping in a boiler-house one cold December night. They were all very properly conveyed to the Bridewell for the night, and brought the next day before the magistrate, who dismissed all

but this one lad, eleven years of age, to their homes. He was remanded for seven days, then for fourteen, to Bridewell, and at last sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the *Akbar*. He is the only surviving son of Scotch parents, poor but honest and industrious folk. At the time of their son's imprisonment, they were both on a sick bed; the mother suffering from a lingering illness, the father from temporary blindness, arising from an accident in the foundry he is still employed in. The boy had been brought up with all the care that the Scotch, more than other people, bestow upon the education of their children. He had received testimonials of good conduct, and prizes at the schools he had attended, and, at the age of eleven, was already earning six shillings a week in the service of the Cunard Company.

The sentence which the magistrate, appropriately named Raffles, drew out of his urn as the fitting punishment for the offence of seeking the warmth of a boiler-house in a cold winter's night, was imprisonment for five years. No other offence has been alleged against him, and the poor child has now nearly completed the second year of his punishment, in the degrading and corrupting society of the young felons to whose companionship he was condemned. In vain have his bereaved parents addressed themselves to the local authorities; equally vain have been their appeals to the Home Office. Poor Robert Stephenson has no redress to hope for, no escape from his misery, but through an appeal to public opinion, aroused by the Press. This may snatch him from the tender mercies of the law, but it is probably too late to save him from the fatal consequences of the lessons he must have learned from the dissolute and vicious associates he has been forced among. Criminals may come out of a reformatory amended, but it is not a baptism which restores innocence. The innocent can only learn lessons of vice from their fellows and of rebellion from their masters. In these, as in all things, the poor boy has been unlucky. The governor of the convict-ship in which he is confined, though acknowledging that he ought never to have been sent there, shows no inclination to relax his grasp. Captain Fenwick is an excellent officer, no doubt an experienced captain of a jail, but his humanity knows but one receipt—the rod—as a correction for boys' foibles. Like St. John's blistering fluid, it is sovereign in all diseases, and an admirable preventive in health. The boy is, or was, a lad of spirit. He revolts against the injustice of which he is the victim, and is lazy under the lash. These are crimes of insubordination more heinous in the captain's eyes, because committed against himself, than the peccadilloes of a felonious colour which consigned his other subjects to his care. The avowedly innocent prisoner is treated with greater rigour than the criminals.

The little indulgences which, by the rules of the establishment, may be provided by parents are withheld from him. The cheese and cakes which the mother from her poverty provides for him, are returned mildewed and worthless at the end of a month; and her attempt to smuggle them to him through another boy is still more savagely punished. She receives a letter from the Rev. Mr. Hankin, the chaplain, bitterly reproaching her with her infringement of rules, and announcing to her, forty-eight hours beforehand, the severe caning he destined for her son on the Monday morning following. Not being able, in the present state of the law, to flog herself, this minister of the Gospel visits her breach of his commandments with the "fearful punishment" of her child. By Captain Fenwick's admission, the boy, who was a good boy and an industrious when he was sent to the *Akbar*, is now at least an idler and a liar. His innocence revolted at being confounded with guilt: the governor punished the revolt, though convinced of the boy's innocence, and the chaplain adds gall to the bitterness. If justice and mercy go hand in hand, we see that injustice and inhumanity are also fellows. If the regimen of the *Akbar* succeeds in reforming vice, it is still more evidently calculated to corrupt innocence. It has been demonstrated that severity is not the fitting means for reforming adult criminals, and it has been long discarded in our gaols. The employment of severity towards youth is attended with danger even in the sanctuary of home; it must be fatal when applied to the reformation of boys whose vicious propensities have been already developed. It can at best only make them hypocrites and liars. They may escape from Mr. Hankin's ferule to walk through life unconvicted, moral through slavish fear, not from good principle; but the greater number of his patients will relapse into worse ways than those out of which he hopes to flog them. But whether right or wrong in ordinary cases, there can be no doubt that such treatment was scandalously wrong in that of Robert Stephenson. If it was not the part of his governors or jailors to solicit his release, it was at least their imperative duty to soothe his wounded feelings by kindness, to master him by indulgence, and to atone to him by kindly, careful training for the injustice or stupidity of his judge.

PREVENTION OF MINE EXPLOSIONS.

A TERRIBLE disaster has occurred at Risca, South Wales, a few miles from Newport. An explosion in a mine, by what means caused we have yet to learn, has hurried upwards of one hundred and twenty human beings out of existence, and spread heartrending

anguish through a greater number of families. It will remind the public, already pained and dismayed by the frequency of such accidents, that a great deal is required to be done to prevent them. It is a scandal to science that they ever take place; and ~~till~~ they be prevented they will be a scandal to our civilization. Can they be prevented? We believe they can. We now see vast reservoirs in every town of a gas made from coal, which is nearly akin to the explosive air generated in coal-mines. We know that it only requires to be mixed with a certain quantity of atmospheric air to be equally dangerous, and yet we see it carefully kept under control, distributed over many miles, conveyed in the end to millions of burners, and there not merely harmlessly consumed, but consumed to the production of an artificial day which may almost be said to double our existence. The very substance—or one so closely akin to it as scarcely to be distinguished from it—which below ground, untamed, unmanaged, destroys life in the most fearful manner, above ground illuminates our houses and our streets. It is like fire, which, properly controlled, is our ablest servant, and uncontrolled is the most terrible of our masters. "Wohlthätig," says Schiller,—

"Wohlthätig ist des Feuers Macht,
Wenn sie der Mensch bezähmt bewacht;
Und was er bildet, was er schafft,
Verdankt er dieser Himmelskraft:
Doch furchtbar wird die Himmelskraft,
Wenn sie der Fessel sich entrafft."

Why, then, is not this fearful agent in our mines put into chains, and made useful to us like fire, instead of being destructive? Why is it not collected in meters where it is naturally generated, and led in pipes to the pit's mouth and burnt there, lighting factories or setting steam machinery at work, or burnt in some of the multifarious ways in which coal-gas is now so usefully employed? There is no difficulty known to theory in the way of accomplishing such a work, and the destruction now caused by gas, or fire-damp, not being judiciously employed or judiciously got rid of, is a strong admonition from Nature so to employ it, and so lessen labour, and save time, money, and lives.

Though it is too early to say from what cause this explosion occurred, it is well known that the dread of being blown up cannot make miners prudent. They will rashly uncover a lamp to light a pipe; they need often more light than a "Davy" gives, and they impatiently procure it. No scheme of ventilating mines would be perfectly safe which does not prevent miners from coming with their lamps into contact with choke-damp. The question, then, for scientific and practical men is, Can it be collected as it is generated, and conveyed from the spot where it is generated, in pipes, beyond the reach of the miner to the mouth of the pit and the surface of the earth? It is a good principle to apply mechanism wherever it can be applied as a substitute for human agency; then we enlist the unerring powers of Nature on our side, and have no occasion to fear the want of discretion in any of the persons employed. A self-acting apparatus, constructed on the principle of the relative gravity of gases as affected by temperature, is the thing wanted; and this scientific men should teach miners how to construct, or their knowledge will be thought of little worth.

If it be not, however, possible, as we believe it is, to collect the gas naturally given out in coal-mines, and conduct it in one stream to the surface, at least there is no natural impediment to ventilating every mine effectually. The art of ventilating is fully known, and it is only necessary that it should be properly carried out. No cost can for one moment be permitted to stand in the way of such necessary work. There is not a family in the kingdom which, while it enjoys the conveniences and comforts of a coal fire, and is sensible of the wealth and strength the country derives from its collieries, which would not, most willingly, pay sixpence or one shilling a ton more for coals, in order to ensure the safety of the colliers. It would not willingly purchase its own enjoyments by sacrificing their lives; and whenever the mine-owners allege, as an excuse for neglecting the duty of saving the lives of the colliers, the expense of the necessary works, they will be answered by an indignant offer of the pecuniary means from every family in the empire.

But this is not necessary. The coal-owners obtain enormous wealth by the mines secured to them as property by the public, and they are not justified in taking a sixpence for their own use, till the safety of the colliers is amply provided for. The public will willingly pay a tax for the purpose if necessary. It pays enormous taxes to obtain much less advantages. But as long as the owners of mines obtain immense wealth from them, it will hold them inexcusable for neglecting a single precaution to secure the safety of the hard-working ill-faring colliers. No class of men is more serviceable to the community; no class undergoes greater privation, and the very least the public can do for them, is to insist that the owners to whom it concedes the property of the mines, should cherish the lives of the colliers as they cherish their own.

Not only from the example of what is done above ground with gas, but from what is done under ground in several mines and pits both on the Continent and in England, it is clearly demonstrated that these terrible accidents are preventable, and the mine-owners are bound to prevent them. They are confirmed in the possession of the mines by

the public in order that they may be worked for the public advantage. Everyone now knows that this is always best secured by each seeking his own advantage; but the mine-owners and every one else must be firmly held to all the responsibilities which this principle imposes on them. The mine-owner must not by the support of the public grasp at wealth to the destruction of life; and the law which gives him the ownership should make him pay or recompense, as far as he can, every person in the least degree injured by his neglect. Railway companies some time ago used the privileges conferred on them by the Legislature with great negligence, to the infliction of much injury; and when they were made responsible in their purses, railway accidents were not so numerous. This example should encourage us to enforce very stringently on mine-owners the responsibility which they incur.

We do not advert further to the particular case which has called forth these remarks. The Government has taken on itself some responsibility for the collier's safety, by appointing inspectors and interfering in the management of mines, and we shall consider it blameworthy if it do not enforce on the mine-owners in every part of the empire the obligation of preventing all such accidents. If they can be avoided, the mine-owner who permits them is little better than a murderer; while the Government which supinely acquiesces in his negligence will be an accessory before the fact.

THE IRISH "EXODUS."

IRELAND is prospering, the cultivation of its lands extending, the amount of its produce increasing, its material wealth accumulating, various branches of industry developing, the remunerative prices of labour rising, and yet, its peasantry are emigrating,—emigrating in such vast numbers as to excite the astonishment of the least observant spectator.

Why is there this constant tide of emigration pouring out of Ireland? and why, to use the words of an Irish journal, has "the tide of emigration become a torrent?"

The question is surely one of interest, not merely to the dweller in Ireland, but to the people of England.

If we look to the causes of this emigration, and endeavour briefly and accurately to describe them, we are forced to have recourse to two French terms, by declaring that the incidents of late years, and the laws enacted, have combined to elevate the Irish *bourgeoisie*, and to depress the *prolétairie* class.

The only exception that can be made to this general remark is the rise in wages consequent upon the decrease of population. Apart from this rise nothing has been done to attach the peasantry to the soil, whilst several circumstances have occurred calculated to induce them to abandon their native land. Old habits have been broken through; the ancient mode of living has been discountenanced; unkindness, nay, even cruelty, has been exhibited in the time of direct distress; temptations to expatriation have been employed; the perpetuation of peasant holdings has been discouraged; those in whom the Irish peasantry reposed their confidence have disappeared, or have shown themselves to be "false prophets," and "the speculations," social and political, which such persons encouraged, have proved to be "delusions," and the hopes that were thus nurtured have had no other ending than blank disappointment, or absolute despair.

When men express their surprise at the unceasing flow of emigration from Ireland, let us see what has become of the peasant-holdings in that country.

At the same time that there is a diminution in the number of farms in Ireland, there is an extension in the breadth of land available for agricultural purposes. We observe how as the means of feeding men have been enlarged, the number of small farmers and cottiers' holdings has lessened. A few figures will make these facts more comprehensible than any elaborated statement.

In 1841 the number of acres of arable land in Ireland was 13,464,300, and in 1851 it was 14,802,581. In 1841 the number of acres of uncultivated land in Ireland was 6,295,735, and in 1851 that number was reduced to 5,023,984 acres. Much more than this has been done in the way of improvement. The gradual reclamation of the estuaries of rivers, bog margins, and waste land, as well as the drainage of marshes, have increased the arable land from 13,464,300 acres in 1841 to 15,278,720 acres in 1858.

Let us now see what, at the same time, has become of the holdings of the small farmers—the peasantry of Ireland. In 1841 there were 310,375 farm holdings above 1 acre and not exceeding 5 acres; and in 1858 there were but 83,219 such holdings. There were in 1841, 252,778 holdings above 5 acres and not exceeding 15 acres, and in 1858 there were but 181,267 such holdings.

We wish, at once, to remark that we do not enter into the disputed question as to the desirability of having "large" in preference to "small" farms. What we are dealing with is the emigration of the peasantry from Ireland, and "the causes" of that emigration.

One great peculiarity of that emigration is its "nationality,"—that is, the manner in which it has most deeply affected those parts of

Ireland which are, beyond all others, purely Celtic. It is curious to find that the districts of Ireland that have been the most depopulated, whether by famine or emigration, are those in which the Irish language is most universally spoken. These are Clare, Cork, Donegal, Galway, Kerry, Limerick, and Sligo. The general total of emigration from all the Irish ports from 1851 to 1858 is 998,198 persons! Nearly one million of the Queen's subjects, in the prime of life, lost to the British islands!

There have been national migrations in former times—men, with arms in their hands, accompanied by wives and children, and led by their warrior kings, have sought to win in battle the possession of lands more fertile, and the enjoyment of climes more genial than their own. But here we see a peaceful population abandoning civilization, their relatives, the birthplace of their sires, to seek for subsistence in wild forests, in bleak countries, or in loathsome foreign cities, contaminated by vices of which their old fatherland was completely free. "Who," says Tacitus, "would ever seek an abiding home in Germany—uncultivated, miserable-looking, bleak Germany—if it were not the country in which he had been born?"—*nisi si patria sit?* But the Irish have emigrated, by hundreds of thousands, from Ireland: they have left its green soil to live amid the snows of Newfoundland, and they have repudiated the protection of English law to oppose themselves to the rude passions and murderous weapons of ruffian gold-seekers in California. They are scattered over the face of the globe, and yet have never settled down in a land as productive or as beautiful as their own.

What has urged on this "national" emigration from Ireland? Many things have done so, and we shall endeavour shortly and candidly to explain them.

Previous to the failure of the potato crop, the system almost universally adopted throughout Ireland with respect to small farmers and labourers was to allocate to them a small portion of land—used by the occupant for the production of vegetables, and, above all other purposes, for the growth of potatoes, the staple food of the poor man and his family. According to the circumstances of the farmer or labourer, this piece of land was either barely sufficient for a potato-crop, or it was sufficient to raise an additional quantity of potatoes to feed a pig; or it was, moreover, sufficient to graze a cow, and perhaps to have a scanty crop of oats. Attached to the scrap of land was a cabin, built, not by the landlord but the tenant, and upon both a high rent was placed—enormously high, considering the wretched condition of the land when first let to the cottier. This high rent was very seldom to be paid in money. The rent was calculated at so many days' labour, and by the small wages allowed to each day, the rent was expected to be discharged. No money passed between the landlord and such tenants. The only mode of procuring clothing and other necessities was by the sale of the pig or poultry, or oats or butter. In some parts of Ireland the dealings between farmers, labourers, and shopkeepers was by barter, a very small amount of coin circulating amongst the population.

In point of fact, previous to the potato-rot, the condition of the cottiers—the small farmers and labourers—was like to the serfdom of the middle ages, but without the ameliorating spirit of the olden time; for it could not be said of them they were "*ruricolæ ad operas et census modicos dominis obstrictos*;" and never in Ireland did a humane law make this provision respecting them: "*pro nimia paupertate non serviunt neque solvunt*."

A society so constituted was overwhelmed by the failure of the potato-crop. The miserable population had no resource from starvation but in the workhouse.

And here we come to a point very painful to dwell upon. Never did the generous and humane spirit of the English people more nobly manifest itself than during the great Irish famine. Public subscriptions, private donations, and munificent grants from the Treasury, were calculated—if they had been wisely administered—to avert the horrors of starvation. But, as the British army was slain by mal-administration in the Crimea, so were the Irish poor slaughtered by mal-administration in Ireland. As Balaklava afforded the proof how, with abundance of food and clothing, a whole army, a few miles distant, could be decimated by hunger and cold, so did the managers of British generosity in Ireland contrive to misemploy the funds confided to them, and yet leave, as the proof of their incompetency, authenticated deaths, from sheer starvation, of no less than 21,770 persons. Taking into account those whose constitutions had been broken down by previous insufficiency of food, and so fell victims to fever, cholera, dysentery, and diarrhoea, the deaths caused by mal-administration in Ireland amounted to 414,343!

We are well aware that it is the practice in Ireland to throw the whole responsibility of such an awful waste of human life upon English officials. Such an accusation is unjust and untrue. We are not for excusing English officials, because in such circumstances they were incompetent or negligent; but we maintain that the heaviest portion of the burden rests upon the shoulders of the Irish themselves, and upon the landlord class in particular. The Irish landlords were either directly themselves, or indirectly through their agents and dependents, the administrators of relief; and the manner in which they conducted

themselves elicited at the time the indignant remonstrances of the English not less than of the Irish press.

We stated, in a former paper, that the manner in which the Irish Poor-law was worked had much to do with giving an impulse to emigration. We shall now explain how it came to have that effect.

Under the Irish Poor-law, workhouses were first opened in Ireland for the admission of paupers in 1840, and from that time until the passing of the Act 10 Victoria, c. 31, that is, to the year 1847, no out-door relief was afforded. The following figures will show the pressure upon the poor under such circumstances:—In 1842, there were in the Irish workhouses 87,604 paupers; in 1845, 114,205 paupers, and no out-door relief; in 1846, 250,822 paupers, and no out-door relief; in 1847, 417,139 paupers, and no out-door relief. In 1850, there were 805,702 paupers in the workhouses, and 368,585 receiving out-door relief; in 1851, 707,443 paupers in the workhouses, and only 368,565 receiving out-door relief.

Let us pause for a moment upon these last figures—707,443 paupers in the workhouses, and 368,505 receiving out-door relief! This was the Irish landlord policy, and not the work of English officials. Whilst this Irish landlord policy was enforced, the newspapers, both English and Irish, cried out against the inhumanity with which the poor were treated. They declared that in some of the workhouses the food given was unfit for human use; that the poor were so badly clothed, so uncleanly kept, so crowded together in rank, poisonous, rooms, that fatal diseases were generated, and that the poor were actually massacred by the maltreatment to which they were exposed, whilst those who survived were afflicted with dire distempers, that had previously been unknown in Ireland, such as blindness of the young and the old, and that extraordinary disease *plica Polonica*.

English opinion in vain arrayed itself against the deeds of horror done in Ireland, and by the hands of Irishmen. The same hands tore down the wretched cabins of the peasantry, and evicted them by thousands from their miserable holdings. English officialism had nothing to do with the wholesale evictions in Ireland. The peasantry—the cottier tenantry—were placed under a ban; and the only species of humanity (occasionally) shown to them was in giving them money to pay for a passage to some distant land—to *any place*, in fact, that was *out of Ireland*!

And thus was the first strong impulse given to the emigration of the Irish peasantry. Of the first thousands so expatriated many hundreds died at sea; many perished of sickness upon landing in America; but many still survived. Many were so successful in their toil and thrift as to be able to send back funds to their relatives in Ireland—sufficient to pay their passage-money, and so leave Ireland for ever.

But we find we are exceeding the limits allotted to us, and, therefore, can but briefly touch upon other matters which have aided in the “Irish Exodus.” There is, first, the disinclination on the part of landowners—the old as well as the new—to renew the system of letting land in conacre, that is, giving small patches of the soil for the purpose of planting the poor man’s crop of potatoes; next, the new system of breaking up all small holdings, and throwing the land into large farms; next, the desire to have as much land as possible employed in grazing instead of tillage. To these may be added an item of no slight importance amongst an excitable and sensitive people like the Irish, and that is the loss of confidence in those persons whom they formerly regarded as their political leaders. Some of these leaders have died—their Irish policy a failure, and their political promises a disappointment: some, in despair, have forsaken the country; whilst those that remain have quarrelled with each other; and in their dissensions, and by their “*mutua malignitas*,” disinclined if not deterred the multitude from placing confidence in any of them; others have joined a party which was formerly denounced from every altar in Ireland; and a few—ultra propounders of popular principles and democratic doctrines—have aided in returning to Parliament men notorious for their inhumanity during the famine years, and from whose estates hundreds of the peasantry had been ejected.

All these circumstances have combined together to impel the Irish peasantry to emigrate. High wages will not keep them at home, when they are conscious they can obtain higher wages abroad.

It may be, and very probably it is, far more advantageous, in an economical point of view, that Ireland should be divided into large than split up into small farms; that thus, under the new system, the land more highly and scientifically cultivated may feed a greater number of cattle, and produce a larger quantity of cereal and green crops. But, after all, there is a consideration of higher and greater importance than heavy crops and fat cattle, and that is, that there should be stalwart men to shield the wealth that has been accumulated, and the liberty which the people of these isles have inherited from their fathers. When the Roman Empire was most rich, it was also most weak; and when its senators were the landholders of principalities, the inert citizens had to depend upon distant countries for subsistence, and upon foreign mercenaries for the military maintenance of the frontiers. We may make of Ireland another Sicily;

but if it be denuded of population, it will fall an easy prey to the first invader.

Something more is required to make an empire great and to keep it so, than large farms and giant factories, or supplying the world with greater abundance of provisions and cheaper clothing. It is to have a numerous and sturdy population—“the lower orders,” “the working classes,” “*in pace decus, in bello præsidium*,”—attached not merely to the soil, but to the institutions of the country; capable, in times of danger, of filling the ranks of the army, and willing to risk their lives in defence of their homes, their families, and the commonwealth.

RURAL ECONOMICS.

CATTLE FOOD.

FARMERS are supposed to be averse to novelties, and utterly to reject “new fangled” things and practices. No mistake can be greater. There is no class more easily taken in by hardy assertion or empirical pretension. Let some vendor of a manure, or a cattle food, promise enormous and impossible results from the use of his nostrum, and straightway hosts of farmers will submit to be shorn with a simplicity only equalled by that of their own sheep. The daily experience of agriculturists is so laborious, the toil and the wear and tear necessary to manure a field, or the cost, the patience, and time required to feed a bullock are so great, that they seem to render the offer of a cheap manure of wonderful efficacy, or of an extraordinary cattle food, though at a fabulous price, an irresistible bait to multitudes of British husbandmen.

A few years ago, the agricultural newspapers displayed, in every form, size, and variety of type, the advertisements of an “Economical Manure,” which, at a price incredibly small, was, according to the testimonials, to produce crops unprecedentedly large. For 20s. per acre, more produce was promised from the use of the “Economical Manure,” than could be obtained from five or six times that sum expended in Guano, superphosphates, and other ascertained fertilizers. For several seasons farmers bought largely of this so-called manure, eventually to find out that the money they paid for it was wholly thrown away. More recently, the rural world has had cattle foods of wonderful feeding power thrust upon its attention in all kinds of ways. Advertisements of “Thorley’s food for cattle,” pamphlets professing to be scientific disquisitions on stock-feeding, almanacks composed to glorify the empirical compound and the like, meet the bewildered farmer at every turn. Originally, “Thorley’s food” was sold at about 50s. per cwt., but its success has produced so many rivals and imitators, that it is now reduced to about half that price. Still the price is far beyond the feeding value of the compound, and farmers purchasing it completely throw away about half the sums they pay.

That has been made plain by that ruthless agricultural experimentalist, Mr. Lawes, who has analysed Thorley’s food, and tested its feeding power by actual use. He published the results of his experiments in the forty-first number of the Royal Agricultural Society’s Journal. In July, 1858, when the report is dated, these cattle compounds were selling at from 40s. to 50s. per cwt.; and at the same time a hundredweight of the best kinds of stock food was selling at the following prices:—Barley, 8s. 4d.; oats, 9s. 2d.; beans, 9s. 4d.; peas, 9s. 6d.; lentils, 10s.; oil-cake, 10s.; linseed, 16s. 6d.; and hay, 4s. The much-vaunted manufactured food thus cost, weight for weight, four or five times as much as the most nutritive of the ordinary stock foods used on our farms. Surely farmers should find some decisive superiority in the bepudded foods to induce the expenditure of money upon them.

An analysis was made by Mr. Lawes, and he found the constituents could be supplied “by a mixture of barley-meal with some of the leguminous seeds enumerated, and oil-cake or linseed. Such a mixture, according to the prices quoted, could be prepared for about one-fourth the price of manufactured cattle food.” In addition to the above, the food contained “a slight colouring with turmeric, and flavouring with cummin, anise, or other of the stimulating and carminative seeds used in cattle medicine.”

Then it is said by the food-manufacturer, that these compounds are to be used in comparatively small quantities, and that with such small addition the coarsest and least nutritious articles of food used on the farm, such as bran and chopped straw, will produce fat and muscle on our feeding cattle, and save at least one-half of the corn and cake they usually consume. All animals require in their food a given amount of digestible and convertible constituents, such as starch, sugar, pectine, gum, oil, nitrogenous compounds, and certain mineral matters. Of these the proper amounts must be supplied in the food, and no stimulants can form the substitute for any deficiency of nutritious food. And when we desire to fatten an animal, we must increase the quantity of the digestible and convertible constituents of its food. These, and these alone, can supply the waste of the body by respiration and perspiration, and otherwise, as well as the actual increase of weight. Experiments previously made by Mr. Lawes on feeding oxen, sheep, and pigs, and reported in the Royal Agricultural Society’s Journal, proved “that the ordinary or staple foods, when in proper admixture with one another, supplied the several constituents far more economically than when mixtures were attempted to be made, in which some of the constituents (starch, sugar, or oil, for instance) were employed in a comparatively pure state,—that is, after having undergone an expensive process of manufacture.”

There is no analogy between a concentrated manure and concentrated food, because the great bulk of a crop is obtained from the atmosphere and water, and from the natural constituents existing in the soil, and from residues from previous crops, the manure merely stimulating the plants to take up the constituents furnished by the soil, the atmosphere and the moisture by which they are surrounded. But to use an expression of Nimrod, the well-known writer on the condition of hunters, “the goodness of an animal goes in at its mouth;” we must supply it with all that goes to increase its bulk, with a sufficient allowance for the waste incident to animal life. Linseed oilcake is the only manufactured staple article of food employed on a large scale by farmers, and that is not made on purpose, being simply the refuse of linseed after the oil has been crushed out of it; it is used in comparatively small quantities of from four to eight pounds per day for a fattening bullock, and

costs only about one-fourth of the money charged for the cattle compounds. Then there remain only the condiments or stimulants, which may perhaps be of use to working horses or weakly animals, but can scarcely be worth the vast sums paid for them in the "cattle food."

Finally, Mr. Lawes gives the results of the practical trial of the food on a lot of pigs. He put up two lots of three each. One lot he fed on nine parts of barley-meal and one part of bran. The other lot received nine parts barley-meal, one part bran, and two parts manufactured food. In twenty-eight days the three pigs fed without the compound, consumed 547 lbs. of food, and increased 139 lbs. in weight. The other three, which received the same food, with two parts of the manufactured compound in addition, consumed 556 lbs. of food, and made precisely the same increase of weight, i.e. 139 lbs. Here we find the cost of the compound wholly thrown away. This would seem to be conclusive.

These compounds seem to consist of some of the ordinary substances used for feeding stock, reduced to a very fine powder by the agency of heat and machinery, to which are added condiments and stimulants in small proportions. Packed in imposing cases, and advertised and puffed without stint, they no doubt improve, in some instances, the condition of their manufacturers, whatever may be their effect on the stock of such farmers as are induced to buy them.

There is one thing, however, which farmers may learn, perhaps have learnt, from these food-manufacturers, which is, that occasional variety and some mixtures of food for fattening stock are rather beneficial, and, especially when animals have been feeding for some time, tend to promote the health of their stock. The limits of such benefits are, however, very narrow, though in these days of farming competition, not to be altogether overlooked. Something of this sort was tried last year amongst the horses of a great public metropolitan company; the corn on which they were for some time fed, consisted of a mixture of oats, barley, and maize, instead of the same weight of oats—the barley and maize forming a small proportion of the whole—and the horses were found to work at least as well, and continue in as good condition, as when fed on oats alone, while, at the then relative prices of the several grains, a slight saving was effected.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

THE news from Italy has somewhat flagged in interest, but in real importance has not at all diminished. The consolidation of the new Kingdom of Italy goes bravely on. Victor Emmanuel has been most warmly received by the Sicilians, who seem to enjoy their long dream of a re-union with the House of Savoy, of which they were deprived in 1848, just as their hopes seemed to be on the eve of being realized. The salutes of the English ships of war as their monarch left the Bay of Naples sounded most gratefully on the ears of the Italians, who regarded them as the death-knell of many a tyranny, lay and clerical. The ex-King of Naples still holds out at Gaeta, trusting to the doctrine of chances, but has sent away all his baggage and treasure, ready for a start.

Bosco was the only Neapolitan general who made fight against Garibaldi in the open field (at Melazzo). He has been rather boastful in consequence. He gave his word not to fight against Garibaldi, when he was allowed to depart *en parole*. He left Naples in the same steamer with a distinguished Englishman for Genoa. He went on shore at Civita Vecchia, when the Jesuits endeavoured to persuade him to return to Gaeta. They urged that, although he might not fight for Francis the Second, he might advise him. But he remained true to his word. He was deaf to the casuistry of the priests, but his vanity has not been proof against the allurements of the Faubourg Saint Germain, and he is now at Gaeta, awaiting a more humiliating end of his crusade against liberty than even that of Lamoricière himself. The Bourbons are all assembling at Rome. When Napoleon III. allows his confederate Victor Emmanuel, to dictate terms to the Cardinals, he will be able to throw his net over a considerable number of his personal enemies in the Holy City.

In the mean time everything looks menacing for Austria in the coming spring. The Hungarians (under Klapka, the defender of Comoran), the Poles, and even the Greeks are joining foreign legions at Genoa, where the raw material of Garibaldi's force was first organized. It is not likely that the Austrians can look with unconcern upon all these preparations, and the organization and increase of the army and navy of united Italy.

I have received strong confirmation of my statement of last week, of the activity of the Hungarian exiles, and of the sympathy and support they have received from quarters, able to give force to their opinions in favour of the restoration of the rights and privileges of the old Hungarian kingdom. The provinces on the Danube are all astir, and the Greeks are alive to the chances of strengthening the political importance of their race.

These are amongst the signs of the times, which it would be well for the Eastern despots not to disregard, and which Austria in particular should bear in mind in the settlement of the Venetian question.

The latest news from New York, where they must know the proper value to be placed upon the noise and bluster of the South, shows that the slave-owners have not succeeded in destroying the credit of New York, in intimidating the friends of Mr. Lincoln, or even in making any strong impression upon the non-interference of Mr. Buchanan. It is necessary to view these matters calmly, in order that our own moneyed interests may not suffer by a panic which is evidently got up.

The Empress Eugénie has been received throughout Scotland and England, not only with respect, but with the delicacy due to her recent sorrows. The notice of the *Moniteur* shows how sensitive the Emperor is to public opinion in England. Whilst describing, with evident satisfaction, the very cordial reception of the Empress by all classes of Englishmen, the official paper has a somewhat unnecessary and unmerited attack upon the Press. It is difficult to make the French understand our perfect freedom of discussion, and the latitude with which

we assail not only the policy of our own rulers, but even the personal character of our public men. We may not approve the policy of the French Emperor in all things, nor be content with his secret designs, which only keep Europe in hot water; but that is quite consistent with admiration of the Empress, and hospitality to himself.

Although we are sorry to lose Count Persigny, whom we look upon as the most honest and the most disinterested of the friends of the Bonaparte dynasty, we are glad to see him in the Home-office in France, because his presence there is an indication of greater freedom of discussion. The enlargement of the Ministry, and the appointment of Ministers without a portfolio, specially commissioned to take part in the debates, is a vast improvement upon the spurious system of semi-official pamphlets, as indicating the imperial policy. The new system is more constitutional and satisfactory in every way, besides that it may lead to the restoration of discussions during the sittings, as well as at the opening of the session. We are informed that M. Fould was in favour of advancing further, instead of being opposed, like M. De Morny, to the reform, even so far as it goes. The Ministry is improved by the change, and contains the men most favourable to further advances in commercial freedom.

The necessity of reinforcing Sir Cresswell Cresswell becomes more apparent every day. He ought to have an assistant judge for Probate, and another for Divorce. If the House of Commons is parsimonious in small matters, the increasing business will produce enough of fees to pay the two assistant judges. As yet the court has not gone beyond the probate cases remaining for trial. The rehearing of the Shedd case occupied twelve days, the great scandal of Dent and Denison three days. During the hearing of this last case, the notorious Dr. Smethurst was in constant attendance.

The new copper coinage is issued. The delay has occurred from the inferior quality of the coin, and not from any controversy about the two T's in Britt., the contraction for Britanniarum. The repetition of the two last consonants was common on the Roman coins, and has been frequently used on our own. It is the formula in many Latin abbreviations, such as MSS., Coss. for Consules, LL.D. for *Doctor legum*, &c. The new coin has one advantage—lightness—over the old. But it is meagre in design, and faulty in execution. It is not dark bronze, but a mixture of copper and zinc, in which the copper predominates. The issue must be a great gain in weight of metal to the Government, or more likely to the contractors. It is probably a Birmingham job. The issue is a disgrace to the authorities, who have kept it back so long.

Those who dreaded the greater scandal from the cases of divorce, may see that the probate causes are not very fit to meet the public eye. I wonder what will the benchers of Lincoln's Inn say to Mr. Denison.

The cruelty of the Cambridge proctors has received a blow from which it will not recover. Public opinion will not tolerate the brutal punishment of young females of humble rank, whilst their so-called superiors of the other sex are allowed to go scot-free. We trust Mr. Edwin James will extend the blessings of the *Habeas Corpus* to the twenty-three cells of the Spinning House, as well as to the prisons of Italy.

The Southwark Election, fixed for Monday, has become more interesting than it promised at first. It was seen from the beginning that a political notoriety would have a good chance against any merely local respectable mediocrity. Whether Mr. Layard was the best man may be doubted. He has the disadvantage of being late in the field, and had also said that he would not interpose to divide the Liberal party. But he has been very active, and has made great way. The manner in which Mr. Fawcett has been received by the working men of Southwark, is highly to their credit. His infirmity has excited sympathy, instead of being regarded as a disqualification. He has been able to prove himself a very gifted and intellectual young man. There is a very able paper of his in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine* on "Darwin's Origin of Species." If he goes to the poll, it is evident that he will receive a very considerable share of support.

THE LATE EARL OF CAWDOR.—The unexpected loss of this nobleman (says a personal acquaintance) at his seat Stackpole Court, Pembrokeshire, forms a source of extreme regret to his acquaintance and neighbourhood. With an agreeable person, prepossessing countenance, cheerful manners, and more of a youthful bearing than is common at his years, he won the regard and good wishes of all with whom he associated. He was well read; had lived a good deal with literary men of repute, such as Rogers, Moore, and others of similar stamp, of whom he told some amusing anecdotes—and the present writer is obliged to him for pointing out some useful passages for biographical reference, in turning over several of the volumes in his well-stored library. For Rogers he had much regard; and, as a poet, thought of him highly. In company with Moore, he and two or three jocular friends, visited De Ville, in the Strand, to inquire their phrenological developments. All were unknown to the sage; and Moore's head it appeared, upon examination, much to his disappointment, furnished no evidence of being a sinner in poetry, but rather a tendency to mathematics! The adventure gave them some amusement in the walk home. Without often claiming the ear of the House of Lords, he was one of those practical men who, when there was business to do, could do it diligently and well. He was often on committees. In conversation on this subject, he once remarked—"Laborious and commonly unhonoured as such duties are, I deem it matter of serious public duty to perform them conscientiously." By great perseverance, he carried through an important bill for assimilating the Welch Judicature of "High Session" to English Courts of Justice. He likewise carried, amid many obstructions, a bill for the better management of roads in South Wales, which had become a serious taxation on the agricultural classes. In political opinions, his lordship was originally a Whig; about twenty years ago, however, when the zealots of change appeared to be pushing opinions to doubtful practical results, he paused in their support. The writer remembers to have heard him then express to an acquaintance in something of a jocular sally,—"I was a Whig. What I am now I can scarcely venture to designate, otherwise than that of being a devoted adherent to all the existing institutions of my country." It is said that at one of his seats—Golden Grove, Carmarthenshire—there is an extensive collection of Welch genealogical manuscripts, calculated to throw light upon the pedigrees of various families in that country.

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. XXII.

MR. WAGSTAFFE BLOWS HIS BLAST AGAINST TOBACCO.

I AM glad to see that Sir Benjamin Brodie and others, competent to speak on the question, have raised a warning voice against the evils likely to befall our civilization from the rapidly-increasing passion for tobacco. I hail these men as converts to my doctrine. Ten years ago I, John Wagstaffe, broached the subject in print, though my lucubrations met the fate of those of all other too early reformers, and fell under the blighting influence of the great POOH POOH. I find my theory on the subject of tobacco—and that, I am glad to see, of Sir Benjamin Brodie and Dr. Copland also—in the following lines of a poem by a friend of mine, published more than a year ago:—

"Deterioration of the human race,
Stunting of stature, drying-up of brain,
Shrivelling of beauty, and decrease of years,
All from TOBACCO, and its senseless use."

And I assert that my friend is right, and that all these, and a thousand other evils, spring from the insane passion for tobacco, as leaves from a tree. Tobacco-smoking is my favourite aversion. I find it expedient that the hatred which is in me should find a legitimate vent, lest it should breed disease in my moral system,—and that vent is the Tobacco-phobia, from which not King James himself, of learned memory, suffered in a greater degree than I do. I may

"Compound for sins I am inclined to,
By damning those I have no mind to."

But I shall not tell the world my sins; suffice it to say, that tobacco is my scape-goat. I believe I should be too happy in this world were it not for the miseries inflicted upon me by the spectacle of the mad love for the deleterious weed in which my fellow-creatures indulge. I am in good health, were it not for an occasional twinge of that GOUT which I am endeavouring to subdue; I have not been jilted by woman, or insulted or deceived by man. I neither crave money, power, nor honour from a human being; I have more money than I want, and far more than I can spend, except in charity; though, to be truly charitable, and to discriminate between roguery and misfortune is no easy matter, and a business by itself, as most millionaires, if they happen to have good hearts (a rare thing, doubtless) can testify.

As for honours, I would rather be plain John Wagstaffe, than Sir John or Viscount Wagstaffe, or the Duke de Wagstaffe. The garter for Wagstaffe? Wagstaffe has two, but wears socks, and does not need them. A star for Wagstaffe? Wagstaffe has as much enjoyment of the stars, and of the sun and moon besides, as the Emperor of China. And as for power, where is the mighty monarch, whether he live in Blefuscu, Lilliput, France, or Turkey, who does not find power a burthen, of which he would now and then be gladly rid, if we could only get at the truth that sleeps in the deep recesses of his heart? As for me, I am persecuted by my fellow-creatures, whom I love; I am the martyr to a social nuisance; I am the victim of my over-sensitive nose. Civilized men have entered into a conspiracy to poison the air, my property as much as it is theirs. They smoke tobacco, and make furnaces of their jaws. "They feed upon ashes, and cannot deliver their souls." They chew or masticate the poison, and turn their mouths into abominations. They grind it into a powder, and make dust-holes of their nostrils. I, and the women and the children, and all the birds of the air, and all the beasts of the field (a clear and very decided majority of the creation), are assaulted, and distressed, and poisoned by this daily-increasing evil. It is not only men, patricians and plebeians, snobs and snobissimi, law-makers and law-breakers, head-workers and hand-workers, and fellows who never work at all, but abominable boys in their teens, who indulge in the filthy habit! I must confess that I never see a boy smoking without feeling a strong impulse in my toe, urging it towards a part of his person that shall be nameless. Some day or other I am sure that I shall indulge my toe in the luxury it covets, and shall cheerfully resign myself to the consequences, which cannot be worse than a newspaper paragraph, with my respectable name in it, headed, "Savage Assault by the Gouty Philosopher," and a fine of forty shillings, or may be five pounds, inflicted by some stipendiary Solon of a London police district. In my house a smoker never enters. I would discharge the best footman that ever wore plush, if he dared even to take a pinch of snuff within my gates. I would immolate my estimable butler—he is sixty-five years of age, and has been forty-five in the service of the Wagstaffes, *père et fils*, and has a head white as the driven snow. Yes! I would immolate even that good man with a just retribution if I discovered him with a pipe in his mouth.

It has been said that there must be some virtue in tobacco, of which people who hate it are unaware, when we find it such a favourite among men in all climates and latitudes—among men civilized, semi-civilized, and barbarous—among men of all religions and modes of thought—among men who agree in nothing but their love of it. Of course I do not deny that smokers find an enjoyment in their habit. I admit and deplore it. Multitudes of men and women in Europe and America find an enjoyment in drinking, to excess, of gin, whisky, rum, and brandy; other multitudes, still more dense, in Asia, find an enjoyment, equally fierce, in drinking laudanum and eating opium: but are we to defend the gin-drinker, the whisky-swiller, or the opium-eater, because he is not alone in his insanity, and because he has the countenance of the society in which he moves for his beastly indulgence? Let me retract the offensive epithet, O ye fourlegged beasts! Ye live according to the laws of nature, and only eat and drink what she has pre-

scribed for you. No animal except man indulges in intoxication, whether of tobacco, of alcohol, or of opium. The pig, it is true, has been known to get drunk, when man took advantage of his ignorance and placed the brewer's wash in his way; and the goose has also been observed to become slightly intoxicated, when betrayed into it by man; but even pig and goose revolt indignantly against tobacco. No temptation can make them tolerate smoke for an instant.

Boileau has said, that—

"Tous les hommes sont fous, et malgré tous leurs soins
Ne diffèrent entre eux, que du plus ou du moins."

And Pope after him has repeated that nature can do no more than tell us we are fools. If proof were needed to confirm the dicta of these poetical philosophers, the passion for tobacco would of itself be sufficient. Disguise it as we will, tobacco is poison—poison to the nose, poison to the palate, poison to the lungs, and poison to the stomach. In the form of smoke it is doubly poisonous, for it not only poisons the smoker himself, but the harmless inhaler of the common atmosphere who has the misfortune to be in the same room, or in the same railway carriage with him. Good results may spring from a poison if administered medicinally. Were tobacco only taken by men as prussic acid is, in obedience to the prescription of a skilful physician, I should cheerfully acknowledge that, like prussic acid, or any other respectable poison created by an all-wise and all-beneficent Providence, it had its uses. But men do not use tobacco as a medicine; they abuse it as a luxury. They love it for its unwholesome effects. When the nerves are unduly excited by the competitions, struggles, sorrows, or excesses of a worldly life, they must be soothed, naturally or unnaturally. The natural mode is to discontinue the causes of the excitement, and to live temperately, moderately, and contentedly. The unnatural mode is to deaden and stupify the nerves; and tobacco is the medium for accomplishing it. If a man is starving with hunger, or with cold, tobacco relieves him; but he would be relieved much better by a good dinner and a warm bed.

Every argument employed in favour of tobacco is an argument for alcohol and opium. If tobacco be found useful as a stimulant or a narcotic, so are other poisons; and if stimulants and narcotics are so good, so necessary, and so delightful, why should we confine ourselves to the one poison, when all the poisons of all-bounteous Nature are before us? Why do we leave opium to the Chinese only? The strength temporarily given by laudanum to weak and nervous people, who addict themselves to its use, is quite as great as that afforded by tobacco; and the bright visions that may be conjured up in the diseased brain of him who eats opium, are far greater than any that dawn upon the mind of the tobacco-smoker; but we think we shall escape the penalty more easily with tobacco than with either of them. But all such borrowings from Nature are ultimately injurious. Nature is inexorable. She exacts a penalty for all transgressions. She is filled with benevolence, but she never pardons a wrong done against the majesty of her laws. Nature cannot forgive a wrong against Nature. She punishes the use of tobacco, in all its forms of smoking, snuffing, and chewing, and has decreed that its abuse shall destroy the stomach and emaciate the frame; that it shall first soothe, then flatter, then destroy the nervous system. She has also decreed that it shall make the teeth black or yellow, cause the breath to become offensive, and that it shall disorder and impair the intellect. Doubtless it will be said that these are the results of the abuse of tobacco. But the smallest use of that which is not wholesome or necessary is an abuse. Let any one, who denies, appeal to all the doctors and all the philosophers of the world, and take their answer. If, after he has got it, he continues to smoke habitually, his punishment be on his own head. He will have doubly deserved it, for he will have sinned with his eyes open.

I once drew up the plan of a great work, in which I proposed to treat the subject of tobacco in all its bearings and under-bearings, in all its ramifications and sub-ramifications, historical and philosophical, political and religious, social and anti-social, public and domestic, national and individual, with a whole host of minor subdivisions branching one out of the other like the progeny of the polypi. The headings of my chapters threatened to become infinite. Unlike the author who, in 1797, circulated proposals for publishing by subscription a history of snuff and tobacco in two volumes, I did not intend to circumscribe the fair boundaries of this subject into any such compass. His proposal related almost entirely to snuff and to snuff-boxes, with the relative subjects of sneezing and pocket-handkerchiefs, and did not enter at all into the great and paramount evil of smoking. My subject on the contrary was of larger scope. There was, first of all, to be a chapter upon the influence of tobacco—including smoking, snuffing, and chewing—upon the wealth of nations and the fortunes of individuals. Then, again, there was to be a chapter on the influence of meerschaums upon the political and social progress of the Germans, and upon the probable obscuration of their national intellect by smoking. Cloudy metaphysics and clouds of tobacco-smoke would have been illustrative one of the other; or might have been proved to hold the relationship of effect and cause. Following out this line of thought, I should have had a chapter on the influence of cigars on the intellectual and moral condition of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Italians, as well as on Asiatics and Americans. This would have led to an inquiry into the domestic consequences of smoking, and to a calculation of the number of women and homes made wretched by the insane passion. I was also prepared to prove that tobacco-smoking diminished the fecundity of the human race, and caused loss

of strength in the male children, and premature loss of beauty in the female after the second generation. I had also to moralize upon the vast amount of drunkenness which it directly and indirectly fostered; and to consider, at the same time, its effects on the human brain in relation to intellectual beauty, and to the Fine Arts, which had their origin in a love of intellectual and physical beauty combined. This was a most prolific vein to hit upon. I had a theory, though I soon abandoned it, that no man who snuffed, smoked, or chewed tobacco, ever did, could, or would, write a great poem, model a fine statue, paint a fine picture, or compose a beautiful piece of music. I gave this up, however, as regarded smoking and snuffing. The names were too many against me. Nevertheless I drew the line at chewing, and maintained, as I do still, that no man, Yankee or no Yankee, who chews tobacco, ever did or ever will, or ever can model, depict, or express physical or spiritual loveliness in any shape or mode whatsoever. I held out for a long time upon snuffing; but was driven into a corner by a friend who cited the names of many snuffers who had greatly distinguished themselves in every branch of the Fine Arts. I made a stand, however, against the snuff-takers on one great and essential point; and asserted that no snuff-taker ever enjoyed or could enjoy the delicious perfume of flowers—God's daily blessings and beauties showered upon us—with a tithe of the intensity of the man who never polluted his nostrils with the abomination. I asked triumphantly—and there was none to answer—whether any habitual inhaler of rappee could inhale satisfactorily and completely, the delightful fragrance of the lily of the valley? Or, whether any man who indulged in Prince's mixture or Irish blackguard, could doat as I do upon the rose and the eglantine, the meadow-sweet or the orange-blossom?

Another and widely-extending branch of my subject was to state fairly and contest triumphantly all the arguments that had been adduced in favour of tobacco, such as its soothing effects upon the nerves, its relief to the overburdened brain of the toiling student, its sociability, the kindness of disposition it encouraged, and the friendships that were formed in asking for a light, or proffering the box, with many others of the same force or weakness. The subject at length grew so rapidly upon my hands, that I became scared at its magnitude. I had no idea of being the author of a book in twenty-five volumes; and, besides, I greatly doubted whether any enterprising publisher would have enterprise sufficient to take the money risk of such an adventure, even although I contributed, as I would have done, all my labour for the love of the cause. So I gave it up, after due cogitation. I recommend it, however, to aspiring youths who desire to immortalize their names, and only hope some great bibliopolist will deal liberally by the author who shall accomplish it, and that after-ages will erect a respectable monument to his memory.

The derivation of the word tobacco has always been a puzzle. Some are of opinion that it comes from the name of the island of Tobago. Henriot, the mathematician, who was sent out to Virginia by Sir Walter Raleigh, to aid in colonizing the country, gives an amusing account of the pretended virtues of the plant, which, he says, was called Uppowoc, by the aboriginal Virginians. The passage is quoted from Hakluyt, by Mr. Fraser Tytler, in his life of Raleigh. The etymology, however, is of no consequence. Poison is poison, by whatever name we call it; and tobacco, whether derived from Tobago, or from Uppowoc, or from the Greek *Bakxia* (insanity), is neither more nor less than a weed, given to the world by Providence for some good purpose as yet undiscovered, and in the mean time perverted to evil purpose by the love of intoxication so prevalent among men. Tobacco, alcohol, opium—the man that loves the one, only wants opportunity to love the others. They are all of the same detestable family—put by men into their mouths to steal away their brains—with this addition of evil in the case of tobacco, that it not only steals the brains through the mouth, like opium and brandy, but through the nose.

But the whole thing is habit. I verily believe, if it were the custom of society that men should put a pungent powder in the eye for the sake of producing an excitement, that men, and boys also, would blind themselves with the same cheerfulness and good feeling with which they now smoke, or stuff their nostrils. Let the non-smokers rejoice. They at all events can keep the roses on their cheeks, and bloom on to seventy. But the smoker withers away. The non-smoker is fresh as the apple on the tree; the smoker is the apple dried up into a Normandy pippin. In fact, the use of tobacco is drying up the very bowels of the French and the Americans, and fast destroying the fecundity of the European and the Anglo-Saxon race. The Americans are old men before they are fifty; and the loveliness of their women, the daughters of such men, withers away ere thirty. The same thing has happened in Germany and in Spain, and will happen in England in the next, if not in the present generation.

I may be asked, in conclusion, if I cannot say one good word for tobacco? To which I answer, yes, one, and one only. Were it not for the passion that Englishmen and English boys have conceived for it, the national revenue, from indirect taxation, would be less by about five millions sterling per annum. And that sum would have to be provided for by direct taxation in the shape of an increased Property and Income Tax. Therefore the people who smoke, and snuff, and chew tobacco, in these realms, diminish the amount of my income tax by at least five-pence in the pound. So I save a round sum annually from that cause alone. That is the only good thing John Wagstaffe knows about tobacco.

THE MORAL OF THE PRINCE'S VISIT TO CANADA.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT AT QUEBEC.)

THE heir-apparent to the throne of England has now seen republican America, and a British colony. But he has seen these under circumstances not well calculated to afford a just idea of the normal condition of this country. His progress through the provinces was a continued ovation, and the people had laid aside their ordinary avocations to do honour to their Prince and the occasion; his advent was everywhere the signal for holiday, and the single thought in every city, town or hamlet (not even excepting Kingston and Belleville), was how to make the reception most complimentary—how most fully to demonstrate their own loyalty and devotion. That some mistakes have occurred can hardly be a matter of surprise, but as far as regards the people of Upper Canada, these were of the head, not of the heart. Other parties were undoubtedly to blame besides those who were ostensibly the delinquents. Much as has been said respecting the arch raised by the Orangemen in Toronto, where, it may be asked, were the preparations more elegant, or where was the reception more honestly enthusiastic? The *coup d'œil*, upon the landing, was such as had not before been met with, and drew from the Prince the warmest expressions of admiration; and cold, indeed, must that heart have been which did not feel the joyful thrill a loyalty so unmistakably expressed was calculated to inspire.

True, there followed the unseemly (is unseemly the word?)—Upper Canada holding the pen would write a much stronger word, but let that pass—the unseemly bickering about a picture of His Royal Highness—mounted and in the attitude as generally portrayed of the Prince of Orange—followed. One great authority scolded, the lesser one succumbed, and licked the dirt from the ducal boots, to the utter disgust of all Upper Canada. Much has been written by the Duke of Newcastle upon the propriety of avoiding religious or party distinctions; yet his grace made no remonstrance when the Anglican Bishop of Quebec was forced to appear at the landing of the Prince unattended by his clergy, because the Roman Catholic hierarchy insisted upon precedence. The difficulty was compromised by the bishop being permitted to walk with the Roman bishop, the Roman Catholic clergy following; the Anglican clergy not being present. Considering this to have occurred in a British colony, and in the presence of the future Protestant King of England, it cannot, when coupled with the very unfortunate *contredans* in the Western Province, be without its significance to eye-witnesses, whatever it may appear at the end of the vista of 3,000 miles, and that, moreover, despite his grace's repudiations of religious distinctions.

The Prince of Wales, however, has accomplished his tour, and the colonists of the Saxon race are pleased to have had the opportunity of showing how strong are the attachments to the mother country, and to those time-honoured institutions which have made England great, and her sons the freest people of the earth. But the gratification has not been without its alloy. Many loyal hearts have been sorely hurt. These remember how, years ago, when Britain's hands were full, the grasp she held upon her American colonies was anything but firm. They well who did, and who did not shoulder muskets on that occasion. Again, at a later day, when treason endangered British retention of the country, a small but noble band confounded the traitors, and sent them skulking into exile. Where the traitors now are, and how the faithful were rewarded, those who live in Canada can tell. It is a pity that incidents should have arisen during the Prince's visit to renew these painful reminiscences. That such have occurred there can be no question. The popular feeling in the Upper Provinces is that Protestantism has been snubbed; that Imperial policy, as affecting the Canadas, is not a British policy, but a policy the effect of which is to make the more populous and valuable section of these provinces subservient to the anti-British Roman minority.

Few events are without their moral; and it would be strange indeed if one so important as the visit of the Prince of Wales to one of the first dependencies of the crown of Britain, should not afford deductions more or less affecting the future relationship of the North-American Colonies to the mother country. However crude the speculations upon the future may be, it is at least safe to say that the royal visit has not prolonged by one half-hour the connection it is so much the interest of all to perpetuate. The danger to this connection is seen and felt; why must it not be fearlessly expressed. Was security ever found in temporizing, or in a feigned ignorance of a well-known evil? No one applauds the obstinacy of the Kingston Orangemen; but every intelligent elector of Western Canada knows that, if the present union is continued, the predominance of Romanism or Protestantism must, at no distant day, have a very practical and most definite settlement. Let us look at the thing in the face. Canadians have a double house of representatives, not "a union in partition," but a partition in the union, a Siamese-twins legislature, which, when the one half says no, and the other yes, each half goes in for the spoils, and the expenditure is doubled. This is the pith of the "corruption," which the intuition or five days' experience of the *Times* correspondent failed to discover.

A better acquaintance with Canadian grievances would also have pointed out the cost of perambulatory government—a Rebellion Losses Bill, which enriched men for being traitors, and made the loyal and faithful find the means; it would have directed attention to the sterling million paid by Upper Canada for the abolition of antiquated French feudalism over the soil of Lower Canada—a direct and simple present of the fee of every man's farm—the purchase-money paid by the country to the seignors. Will any one in his senses believe that such a scheme would be the voluntary act of the people of Upper Canada. But this is not the place for a catalogue of the differences of the eastern and western sections. It is the fashion, and a convenient one with many, to place every dissension at the door of "race and creed." But is this the true issue? It is true so far only as it affects the political status. Did race not seek to perpetuate a distinctive community—did it not seek to foster a nationality antagonistic to the spirit of liberal and progressive institutions—did it not nurture disaffection—did it not cherish the hope of realizing the latent yet living proclivities of a conquered people, we could then believe that it inherited no hostility to the rule to which it owes so large a portion of gratitude. Private conversations with individuals, it may be said, are not to be taken as the manifestations of the popular mind. This may either be true or false. If the expressions of discontent by one of the workmen of a strike were to be taken as a proof of a general disaf-

fection, the deduction might well be false; but if repeated conversations and mixing with the people of Naples had taught us to believe in the prevailing sentiment, our intercourse with the people would have led us to a just conclusion.

We cannot but remember that the affairs of Europe were—as they still are—in the early part of last summer, most unsettled. About this period arose alarming conjectures respecting the Anglo-French alliance, the almost certainty of a rupture, and the instant invasion of England. It is no exaggeration of the fact, nor is it any libel—except as truth may be so—upon the French of Lower Canada to say, that to very many this critical conjuncture was a source of exultation and hope, not silently indulged, but openly expressed. To state that their aspirations are to see Canada reconquered by the French is neither to belie nor to calumniate the “race”—or if it be the one or the other, this affirmation of their desire is not first in the field. M. Barthe, their compatriot, and recently a candidate for a seat in the Legislative Council, published, more than three years since, his “Canada reconquis.” M. Barthe was on a visit to Paris, and, for reasons best known to himself, though possessing a press of his own in Quebec, published his book there. About the same time a French ship of war was sent to Canada. The commander, M. Beloise, had instructions to make the agreeable, and see what he could. The following year a French consul was sent out, and is still resident at Quebec. No French merchant ship has, however, entered the port since his arrival; in fact, there is no direct commerce between the countries. The use of a resident consul in the person of a French baron is, therefore, to the unsophisticated people he is supposed to honour something of an enigma; while to the astute magician of the Tuileries nothing can be more simply demonstrative.

The moral effect of the untoward incidents of the royal visit upon minds already influenced by circumstances, which these incidents have not tended to soften, will be a more full determination to resist the foreign element. That this will take a practical shape at the elections of the next summer, there can be little doubt. These, again, or rather their advent will materially affect the majorities of the winter's session. What the upshot of the whole may be a few months' patience will discover. It is an issue that has to be fought out, and, like most inevitable things, the sooner the unpleasant business is assailed the better.

CHANCERY AND TEMPLE BAR.

THE announcement that, of all the powers and bodies of this world, the Court of Chancery is destined to rid the metropolis of Temple Bar, has singularly delighted us. The relief comes from the quarter least likely to have given it. The old, obstructive, never-moving, or slowly-moving, Court of Chancery—the court that is crusted round and walled in by traditions, that narrow the path, and shut all sorts of gates against the progress of every thing and every man that had the misfortune to get into it—this great immovability, that hasty men have been goaded by twenty years of delay into calling an anomaly and a nuisance, is the agent that is to destroy a bit of obstruction in many respects resembling itself. “Like cures like,” is an old medical maxim; but never will there have been a more welcome illustration of its truth, than the day when Equity, in full wig and robe, shall turn the corner of Chancery-lane, and marching deliberately westward, level Temple Bar with its mace.

It will not be the first edifice by any means that Chancery has laid in ruin; but in this case the public will hail its withering hand as that of a benefactor. The destruction of Temple Bar shall be to the Court of Chancery like the “one deed she did” of the witch Sycorax. For a single good action, done in despite of her nature, “they would not take her life.” True it is, that Chancery will knock down Temple Bar for its own accommodation, not purposely for the public convenience; but the benefit will not be the less. It will be a set-off on the good side of a long, a complex, and heart-breaking account. Some visible advantage will come out of the Fee Fund of the suitors in Equity at last! The Corporation of London, the Board of Works, commissioners of all kinds, who have power enough to turn our streets upside down, and make them look as if an earthquake had passed along every thoroughfare of the metropolis—none of these could or would touch Temple Bar; and now the Court of Chancery and its Fee Fund comes to deliver us!

Before leaving the structure to Lord Campbell and its fate, we would add a few words on the allusion to it in the new magazine that bears its name, and we hope will outlive it. In a recent article we said that Temple Bar was, as an edifice, “heavy, ugly, and hybrid;” and that it had no ancient or historical associations to compensate for its inconvenience. To this, or a similar assertion made by others, Mr. Sala, in his “Middlesex Travels”—the best paper in the number—thus alludes: “They sneer and say, there are no historical memories connected with thee!” And to prove there are some, quotes Macaulay's “Grand Ballad of Naseby Fight.” Serjeant Obadiah, of Ireton's regiment, does certainly sing of the “coward heads” of the cavaliers as “predestined to rot on Temple Bar.” But Obadiah on Naseby field must have thought of the old city gate, not the present bar. The belief that the existing nondescript building is of venerable antiquity, is rooted in the public mind, like a superstition; neither Mr. Timbs nor Mr. Cunningham—not even the date carved on the stone—can shake that popular prejudice. As the belief procures undeserved respect for the modern imposture, we wish to destroy the idea that the Lord Chancellor may demolish it without being accused of something next to sacrilege. The “old and original” Temple-bar was, like most of the city, constructed of wood; it was burned down in the great fire, and the existing monstrosity was one of the few failures of Sir Christopher Wren; it was not completed till 1671, more than a generation after Serjeant Obadiah, if he escaped the perils of Naseby fight, had gone, we hope, to a peaceful grave. The ballad, by Macaulay, is no authority for the antiquity of Temple-bar; nay, the great historian may, in poetry, have fallen into the general error we have often had to correct. Again Mr. Sala says—“No memories, O Bar! Why, thou formest the background to Hogarth's crowning tableau to Butler's ‘Hudibras,’—‘Burning Rumps at Temple-bar.’” The painter is a more unfortunate witness to character than the poet. The “rump” of the Long Parliament had been turned out of the House of Commons many a good year before 1663, when Butler wrote his

satire—slaying the slain for the amusement of the restored King and his Cavaliers.

In placing his “crowning tableau” in front of the existing Temple Bar, Hogarth committed an anachronism, quite unworthy of the “able editors” of this better-read age. No, we repeat it, Temple Bar is neither ancient nor respectable for its associations. The only “memories” it possesses are of an evil time, when it was the pedestal of a butcherly exhibition of human heads and limbs, a political vengeance carried beyond death, by a display almost too horrible for African savages. This is not a “memory” that ought to save a nuisance from destruction. But the belief in Temple Bar is a strange proof of the obstinacy of a popular impression. No one ever imagines St. Paul's to be the old cathedral of London; but thousands are convinced that Temple Bar, the unhappy work of the same architect, is the ancient city gate!

There is one other little slip of Mr. Sala's pen that we cannot avoid correcting. Hamlet's fellow-student and friend, Horatio, does not perform the Japanese “happy despatch” in the last scene of the tragedy that, Voltaire says, ends only because “everybody is dead.” But Horatio is the one exception. He lives, by Hamlet's particular desire, to explain matters, lest a “wounded name” should “live behind him.”

The Prince's last words to Horatio are:—

“Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.”

It is only eminent French writers who can be allowed to misquote and pervert Shakspeare uncorrected, they do it so completely, and with such a courageous ignorance.

MEN OF MARK.—No. XI.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR E. BULWER-LYTTON, BART., M.P.

SIR E. BULWER-LYTTON is the Burke of the Conservative benches. His speeches are essays of political philosophy, abounding in wit, antithesis, and the whole artillery of eloquence. He reserves himself for great occasions. When the Senate is deeply stirred upon some question, a rumour runs round the benches that “Bulwer-Lytton will address the House.” Every seat is filled, and the listeners resign themselves to what is after all, however, only a chequered enjoyment. The orator's seat, in Opposition or in office, is on the front bench, usually next to Mr. Disraeli. The stranger in the gallery sees a tall, thin, attenuated figure come to the table. The face is pale, the eye speaking and intelligent, the hair abundant on head, lip, and chin, but neither artistically arranged nor carefully tended; the attire careless, not to say shabby—*quantum mutatus ab illo* PELHAM, the “glass of fashion and mould of form,” the youth of thirty years ago! The features are eminently aristocratic and intellectual. The hearty cheer that greets him is succeeded by respectful silence and strained attention, the reason for which is soon seen. Nature, so bountiful to him in oratorical gifts, has denied him the faculty of clear and distinct utterance. Now you miss a word, then a sentence. Sometimes those around him catch a happy allusion, which is scarcely understood by those at whom the shaft is aimed, but who are separated from him by the Speaker's table. Whether the defect be one of palate, or tongue, or lips, it would not be easy to say; but those who have sat opposite to him at public dinners, when he has harangued large audiences, have found it impossible to follow him throughout, although sitting in front of him at a distance of only five or six feet. To listen to Bulwer-Lytton is therefore one of the most tantalizing of oratorical enjoyments. All that is heard sharpens the zest to hear more. Of so carefully-considered and highly-elaborated an oration, you would not willingly miss one word. In moments of vexation, with which admiration is largely intermingled, you ask yourself whether a Demosthenic regimen of pebbles and seashore ought not to have been prescribed for the young politician? If any is heard, why not all? The singer who bites his words is made to practice with a cork between his lips. Why are inarticulate sounds so provokingly mixed up by this orator with audible words of weight and wisdom which “give us pause,” even when they do not carry conviction. His gestures confirm you in the belief that this versatile genius never thought it worth his while to go through the drudgery of preparation for parliamentary and political life. He often gesticulates with his spine, makes low salaams to the door, and will neither learn grace from Disraeli nor dignity from Gladstone. Yet all these defects are swallowed up and lost in the pleasure which his brilliant sallies and pointed apothegms produce.

A quaint old author says:—“The works of Zenxis, Polyclethus, and Phidias were much helped by the fore-conceived opinion of the great skill these artificers had.”—See *Maximus Tyrius Dissert.* “This self-same passion of our sense,” saith Plutarch, “doth not alike move our mind when it is not accompanied by an opinion that the work is well and studiously performed.” This vantage-ground our “Man of Mark” undeniably occupies. The Conservatives are proud of their most thoughtful and accomplished orator—the Liberals listen with generous sympathy and the disposition to admire. Sir Edward's greatest party-speeches were delivered, first, in defence of the Derby Reform Bill, and a year afterwards in opposition to that of Lord John Russell. On both occasions the House presented a strangely excited scene. His attacks upon political opponents (never exceeding the limits of fair parliamentary warfare) were eagerly caught up, and enthusiastically cheered. Nor were the crowded benches opposite unmindful of the value of certain admissions which so candid and enlightened a politician is sure to make; for Bulwer-Lytton resembles Charles James Fox and the Holland family in stating the arguments of his political opponents with so much force that it appears difficult, if not impossible, to answer them. Thus few speeches are made after him in debate which do not contain some allusion to the “magnificent oration of the right hon. gentleman the member for Hertfordshire.” They who sit opposite are proud to break a lance with so renowned a knight; while his allies are glad to shelter themselves under theegis of his authority.

One of the happiest allusions in his Reform Bill speech of 1859 derived additional

force from the presence of the youthful Comte de Paris in the Diplomats' Gallery. Sir Edward was quoting a sentiment of Mirabeau's, who said,—"In destroying an aristocracy of land you have made an aristocracy of money, which of all aristocracies is the most timid; you have made a democracy of large towns, which of all democracies is the most fickle." Every eye was turned to the boyish figure of the French prince, and the quotation, it may well be believed, lost nothing of its effect from the presence of the youthful victim of a timid aristocracy and fickle democracy, who listened with lively interest and emotion. When the orator resumed his seat, he was rewarded by a cheer, frequently taken up and renewed after momentary intervals. Disraeli, the most generous and least envious of politicians, could not conceal his delight. He first thanked his brother novelist and brother minister, and then, unable to conceal his admiration, turned to his supporters on the benches behind to exchange his praise and congratulation with them. Sir Edward's speech last session on the Reform Bill of the present Cabinet moved the house quite as deeply, and won for the successful rhetorician increased fame.

Candour, however, has its disadvantages in party warfare, and Bulwer-Lytton's antagonists sometimes successfully join issue with him upon his own propositions conveyed in his own language. Thus in the debate on the Derby Reform Bill of 1859, or more accurately upon Lord John Russell's amendment, Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton put the issue in these words:—"Has the time come when it is safe to accept the principle that political power should begin to descend to the lower classes?" Sir James Graham, who followed in the debate, gave a frank answer. "So challenged (he replied) I do not for a moment hesitate to say that the time has come when political power should begin to descend to the lower classes." Liberal candidates turned the question and answer to good account at the next general election, perhaps without due attention to the context, for the Derby Reform Bill in its lodger clauses and saving-bank qualifications had recognized the propriety of admitting the more intelligent and provident working classes to the franchise. An unfriendly use was also made of the right-hon. gentleman's protest last Session against handing over political power to "poverty and passion," under which epithets he was held unjustly to stigmatize Lord John's £6 householders in boroughs. The germ of this speech will be found in "Rienzi." Speaking of the multitude, the author in his Notes says:—"Their own passions are the real despots they should subdue, their own reason the true regenerator of abuses."

Some critic, who we may be sure was inferior both in breadth and extent of knowledge to Bulwer-Lytton, having complained that he was superficial, it was well remarked that the industry which had made his learning so extensive might as easily have made it deep and profound had he chosen to restrict himself to one branch of study. This industry found ample employment when her Majesty intrusted the seals of the Colonial-office to Sir Edward. A more painstaking, business-like, and indefatigable minister never entered Downing-street. The brilliant novelist shrank from no toil, and indeed undertook a good deal of drudgery which former ministers have been content to leave to subordinates. Our smaller colonies have long chafed under the conviction that they are handed over singly to some clerk or other in the Colonial-office who "does" for them, and who being practically unknown and irresponsible, and making himself chiefly felt by a wanton interference with their desire to manage their own affairs, naturally comes to be regarded as a conceited prig. Lord Derby's Colonial Secretary manifested such a passion for work, and such an appetite for details, that he made himself cognizant of all that was going on in the smaller as well as more important dependencies of the Crown. Our colonies were already becoming conscious that a master-mind was at work, making its influence felt in every niche and cranny of the Colonial-office, when a change of government occurred which dismissed the zealous and assiduous Secretary of State to his literary pursuits.

Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton inaugurated a new social as well as administrative epoch in his dealings with the colonists. The insolent neglect and hauteur with which gentlemen holding high official positions in some of our most important colonies have been treated by some recent Colonial Ministers, would scarcely be believed. The Whig Barnacles, who hold their seats in a Whig Cabinet through some fortunate relationship or intermarriage, are, in the House of Commons, humility itself. How deferentially they behave to opposition leaders, as who should say, "Do not make me the target for your arrows. See how modest and diffident I am—how unwilling to offend, how desirous to please!" See them turn also to Mr. Bright, and the Liberals below the gangway! How grateful they are for the faintest cheer—how anxious to conciliate the Dagon of Radicalism! But your Whig Barnacle, when he crossed the threshold of the Colonial Office, threw off all his humility, and with it the observance of social usages, nay, even the forms of common politeness. Canadian ministers and Australian senators complained that they could not only obtain no social recognition from the Colonial Minister, but that they could not even get an interview to tell him that which it behoved him to know. Letters were unanswered—colonists of rank and standing were allowed to cool their heels in the antechambers of the Colonial Office, while the great man manifested the most contemptuous disregard for their time and convenience. It is impossible to describe the irritation engendered in the minds of gentlemen of standing and influence by this treatment, which can only be explained by a fear, on the part of the minister, lest the colonists should discover how very little he knew of the dependencies he had to administer. Sir Edward gave the *coup de grâce* to this habitual system of rudeness and insult. He esteemed it a privilege to learn all that a colonist of intelligence and position could teach him. Some Canadian ministers and high officials who happened to be in this country soon after he accepted the seals, were received with marked *empressement*. The doors of the Colonial Office were open to them. When the minister could seize a few hours' leisure, the hospitalities of Knebworth were dispensed with winning ease and cordiality. These gentlemen returned to Canada charmed with their accomplished host, and disposed, it need scarcely be added, to put the most favourable construction upon the acts of a minister whose intelligence, fairness, and candour, they had themselves had an opportunity of sounding,

in the unreservedness of social and friendly intercourse. Let no one deem these courtesies unimportant. In periods of emergency, a colony might be preserved or lost, as some influential official arrived fresh from the urbanity and hospitality of a Bulwer-Lytton, or smarting under the superciliousness of a Labouchere—in both Houses of Parliament, the mildest-mannered and most deprecating of men.

Dr. Johnson said of some one, that he was "a satisfactory coxcomb." Such was the Pelham of our youth, and such were those who dressed themselves in his glass, and aped his versatility. Most men who are worth anything pass through a stage of dandyism, which, in the young man, often indicates neatness, precision, cleanliness, and self-respect, run a little to excess, if you will, like mint in the housewife's garden. Riper wisdom, philosophic observation, enlarged experience succeed, and then it becomes the most natural thing in the world for the pencil that dashed off "Pelham," with his fopperies and affectations, to paint the calmer and more enduring pleasures of home and the delights of learned leisure as we find them portrayed in "The Caxtons" and "My Novel." The difference is great, but not greater than that which separates the impulsive Cambridge student from the grave statesman and the successful minister. The chasm had been bridged over by a series of arches and piers of rare architectural beauty. First he gave the world the fashionable novel, then the romantic and incidental, then the sentimental, and then the historical. The transition, lastly, to the domestic novel, was both natural and consistent.

But, while the novelist has been growing wiser, has not the world progressed somewhat? In 1837 he said, in "Alice, or the Mysteries":—"If a man is called a genius, it means that he is to be thrust out of all the good things in this life. He is not fit for anything but a garret! Put a genius into office! make a genius a bishop! or a Lord Chancellor!—the world would be turned topsy-turvy! You see that you are quite astonished that a genius can be even a county magistrate, and know the difference between a spade and a poker! In fact, a genius is supposed to be the most ignorant, impracticable, good-for-nothing, do-nothing sort of thing that ever walked upon two legs. The world is so fond of that droll fable the hare and the tortoise, it really believes that because (I suppose the fable to be true) a tortoise once beat a hare, that all tortoises are much better runners than hares can possibly be. Mediocre men have the monopoly of the loaves and fishes; and even when talent does rise in life, it is a talent that only differs from mediocrity by being more energetic and bustling." The public of the present day have seen a Cabinet of which two men of genius were not the least honoured and influential members; while the author of "Alice" may be felicitated upon having shown his countrymen that a man of genius may be something higher than a county magistrate, may, indeed, discharge the loftiest functions with as much assiduity as the merest plodder, and may aspire to fill the highest offices in the State.

If in this brief sketch we attempted to estimate Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton's rank among his contemporaries, we should be tempted to adopt Lord Byron's high eulogium upon Sheridan:—"Whatever Sheridan has done, or chosen to do, has been, *par excellence*, always the best of its kind. He has written the best comedy ("School for Scandal"), the best drama, the best farce ("The Critic"—it is only too good for a farce), the best address (Monologue on Garrick), and, to crown all, delivered the very best oration (the famous Begum Speech) ever conceived or heard in this country." Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton has exhibited accomplishments and excellences infinitely more versatile and scarcely lower in degree. He has written not simply the best novel of the nineteenth century, but half-a-dozen of the best, and of a character the most variously contrasted. He has written the best poetical satire of his day (the "New Timon"). If there be any more favourite modern drama than the "Lady of Lyons," or a play containing a more effective stage situation than "Richelieu" we have yet to learn its name. He has written the best political pamphlet of the century. He has given us the best translations of many of Goethe's poems. If we do not, indeed, accord him a high place on Parnassus, it is not that he is deficient in "the vision and the faculty divine." He has imagination, fancy, invention; but Nature has cruelly denied him a true musical ear, and the natural defect is as little to be overcome as the imperfect and capricious utterance that condemns to indistinctness some of his noblest declamations in the senate. "To crown all," in the words of Byron, it will scarcely be questioned that he has delivered two of the very best orations that have been heard in the House of Commons since he returned to it in 1852. The minds of Sheridan and Bulwer-Lytton may differ as widely as the brilliant diamond and the glowing and iridescent opal. But the parallelism between the two men in their successes is not, we venture to think, ill-sustained, the advantage in the Goethe faculty of many-sidedness being wholly with the great novelist.

In estimating both the intellectual character and writings of Bulwer-Lytton, we must take Byron for a more accurate comparison. It has been truly said—although some years have elapsed since the criticism was penned—"that even the circumstances of their private lives are strikingly similar. Their aristocratic lineage; their great dependence, in early years, upon a mother; their unfortunate matrimonial connection; their attachment to a daughter, in both cases, though from different causes, frustrated; their personal vanity, warm temper, and egotism; even their nonentity in Parliament [the writer must have forgotten Bulwer-Lytton's exertions in favour of dramatic copyright, and the reduction of the newspaper stamp to one penny, effected by his instrumentality]; also, sundry high and generous qualities and feelings which have undoubtedly distinguished them both. And these peculiarities of life and disposition have tinted the prose of the one and the poetry of the other. Each has shown a morbid desire to put on a dress, and be the hero of poem or tale. "Childe Harold," "The Corsair," &c., were vehicles for the personal confessions of their author; "Pelham," "The Student," &c., are self-likenesses of their artist. This habit is incompatible with attaining the last highest step which genius is entitled to reach. Byron was cut off before he became wise; but, as Johnson said of Goldsmith, we predict that Bulwer-Lytton is "coming right, for his works seem to be acquiring that breadth and depth which can make them worthy of coming from a great master

of the English tongue." The critical faculty was not at fault in this prophecy.

The self-imposed devotion and perseverance which have accomplished such mighty tasks, will not be accurately estimated unless we remember the gnawing cares and bitter humiliations which have been of late years heaped upon him. Domestic affections, poisoned in their source, the chalice of gall and wormwood, continually commended to his lips, have been the bitter drink of him who, in happier times, thus described, in "Alice," the use and glory of the affections:—"The men who are most happy at home are the most active abroad. The animal spirits are necessary to healthful action; and dejection and the sense of solitude will turn the stoutest into dreamers. The hermit is the antipodes of the citizen; and no gods animate and inspire us like the Lares." How Bulwer-Lytton's household gods have frowned and looked askance as the Muses have smiled benignantly upon their votary, none require to be told.

Novelist of three decades, poet, dramatist, pamphleteer, satirist, magazine-editor, political philosopher, orator, minister of state! Who of living men can match the career of our "Man of Mark?" or how can we more fitly dismiss him to the balmy air of the southern isle which he has chosen for his winter home than by quoting that noble and elevating passage in "Ernest Maltravers," in which the man who has done, written, thought, and suffered so much has given us a glimpse at the future state of ever-renewed progress and activity towards which his own thoughts and aspirations characteristically tend?

"The home of a spirit is wherever spreads the universal presence of God; and to what numerous stages of being, what paths, what duties, what active and glorious tasks in other worlds may we not be reserved? perhaps to know and share them together, and mount age after age higher in the scale of being. For surely in heaven there is no pause or torpor; we do not lie down in calm and unimprovable repose. Movement and progress will remain the law and condition of existence; and there will be efforts and duties for us above as there have been below."

THE ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE INDO-GERMANIC THEORY.

At the Ethnological Society on Wednesday night, Mr. Crawford, the late Governor of Singapore, read an elaborate and most ingenious paper on the Indo-Germanic or Aryan theory, in which he endeavoured to show that the enthusiastic scholars who have in our own times founded the science of comparative philology, intoxicated with the partial success of their inquiries, have mistaken wild hypotheses, the mere creation of their fancy, for scientific truths, elaborated by sound inductive research.

Varied and profound as is the scholarship necessary to prosecute original investigation in the field of philology, one of the most eminent living writers on the subject asserts, that any one possessing the ordinary acquirements of a cultivated Englishman, may, by the perusal of the works of Bopp, Bunsen, or Max Müller, convince himself, without much labour, that the startling announcements made by recent scholars concerning the common origin of the Indo-Germanic languages, and of the Greek, Scandinavian, and Hindoo mythologies, regarding the pre-historical epochs, when the various metals and domestic animals were made subservient to the uses of man, and regarding the habits of the Aryans, an early people who were the common ancestors of the leading races of Europe and India, are based upon well-ascertained facts, which render the conclusions of philology as certain as the most generally-admitted truths of astronomical or geological science.

In Europe, within the historical epoch, new languages have grown out of forms of speech from which they widely differ. The Italian, Spanish, French, and Wallachian have been formed from the Latin, while English and the modern German and Scandinavian dialects have sprung from older Teutonic forms of speech. Knowing something of the parent tongues in both cases, we have the means of examining languages which have undergone great changes within a well-known period, for the purpose of ascertaining their laws of formation, development, and decay. Just as the geologist has studied the changes that are taking place in our own epoch, and explained by their aid the phenomena presented by the older strata which forms the crust of the globe, so the philologist has interpreted the phenomena presented by old deposits of language. By means, indeed, of the general rules arrived at from the careful study of European tongues, dead and living, wonderful results have been achieved. We know the modern speech of Persia, we are acquainted with a few words of languages spoken at two remote and widely-distant epochs in the same geographical area. Given the modern languages and these fragments, a problem placed before philologists was to reconstruct the old dialects by the laws of inductive linguistic research; to invent their grammar and write their dictionary, and so to obtain a key to illegible old texts and inscriptions. How the problem was solved we need not say. The reconstruction of the old languages of Persia, is one of the greatest triumphs of the age. When these languages were proved in this way to grow out of each other, when their resemblance to Sanskrit, the old Indian dialect, was perceived, and when European scholars came to compare the older forms of the Germanic, Slavonic, and Lithuanian languages with the ancient Asiatic dialects, they asserted as an incontrovertible fact, that they all bear to each other resemblances akin to those which the languages of southern Europe bear to Latin. The inference of course was, that they all spring from a common source. They were described as the Indo-Germanic languages—while the speculation which attributes to them a common origin, received the name of the Aryan theory. Now to this hypothesis, Mr. Crawford is altogether opposed. Those who maintain it, he says, hold that when such domestic relations, as those of fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, and such visible bodies as moon, air, sky, water, and earth, are referred to by really cognate words, an affinity between the several languages is strongly indicated. He entertains a very different opinion.

"My own experience," he said on Wednesday, "of the few languages to which my inquiries have extended, leads me to a conclusion the very reverse of that arrived at by the advocates of the Aryan theory; and I am satisfied that the words which a rude people borrow from a civilized one with which it holds intercourse, are naturally and necessarily those expressing the most familiar ideas. I am

convinced, indeed," he added, "that this is generally the source of that agreement in words which is genuine and not fanciful, and on which the theory of a common language and a common race has been founded."

There are two words which are generally thrust forward into the first rank of evidence in favour of the Aryan theory. These are "father" and "mother," terms which, in every tongue, are essentially the same.

"In their earliest stage," Mr. Crawford observed, "they are always monosyllables containing a labial for a consonant, and the simplest breathing for a vowel, the consonants being m, p, b, or f, and the vowel a. This arises from the perfection of the infant's lips for the purpose of nutrition indispensable to its life, while the action of the ordinary muscles of voluntary motion connected with functions that are not indispensable, remain long nearly dormant."

In the Malayan archipelago, concerning the languages of which Mr. Crawford is a leading authority, much Sanskrit was, it appears, adopted at the period when the Hindu religion was introduced among the natives.

"The most cultivated of the insular languages," he said, "contain a considerable portion of it, and this with very slender corruptions, and by no means in the dubious form in which it is attempted to identify words of the languages of ancient and modern Europe with a dead language of Central Asia or India. Many of these Sanskrit words express the most familiar ideas of man, and although they generally appear, along with native terms, are often of more frequent use than the latter; in some cases, indeed, even superseding them altogether."

No one has thence inferred that the Malay languages have been developed from the Aryan tongue, and Mr. Crawford's conclusion, therefore, is that the Indo-Germanic theory is utterly groundless, "the mere dream of very learned men." Of more interest than the main subject of the paper were an interesting discussion into which the essayist entered, regarding the extent to which language should be accepted in ethnology as a criterion of descent, and incidental remarks, in which he showed that many words in the Celtic languages, supposed to be of primeval Aryan origin, may have come directly from the Latin. We need not, however, follow him in his arguments on the subject, the conclusions to which they lead being generally adopted by the soundest philologists; who, although familiar with the phenomenon of language superseding language, without race superseding race, as in the district of Galloway, in Scotland, and ready to admit that the Celtic deposit of speech is Turanian rather than Indo-Germanic, and long anterior in formation to Sanskrit or any European tongue; yet hold that a great chain of cognate languages extend from Spain to Bengal, which bear to each other a relationship akin to that subsisting between the English, Dutch, Danish, Icelandic, and German.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS.

At a meeting of the Geographical Society held last week, Captain Maury, the distinguished superintendent of the National Observatory at Washington, delivered a most interesting address on the Antarctic Regions, in which he, with the clearness and felicity of illustration which characterize his printed works, explained what may be inferred from well-ascertained scientific data concerning the natural phenomena of the unexplored area surrounding the south pole. "Why," he asked, "should a part of the earth's surface, so vast in extent, be allowed to remain as completely unknown to us, as the interior of one of Jupiter's satellites?" The question reminds us of an answer given to an enthusiastic naturalist under somewhat similar circumstances. At a time when geology was a young science, this gentleman undertook to prepare a section of the strata in a northern county. He asked, in the course of his investigations, for permission to descend into a coal-mine, but, to his surprise, the application was refused. "It is of no use," said the manager of the colliery, "you may conceive it all. Imagine your own coal-cellar lengthened into a vista, with a few chimney-sweeps sitting before farthing candles at the far end, and you have a perfect idea of what is to be seen underground. What more could you desire?" A very similar reply is made to Captain Maury, by those who should know better, when he urges the importance of antarctic exploration. "The phenomena of the south polar regions," they say, "are simply the phenomena of frost and snow. Things are the same at the south and at the north pole, for the same causes must produce the same effects at both ends of the globe. This being the case, why affront the dangers of exploration amid icebergs, glaciers, and snow-fields, which merely repeat the scenes so familiar to us in the arctic regions?" Now the geologist who wished to descend into the coal-pit, had objects in view, not dreamed of in the philosophy of his practical friend the coal manager, and so it is with Captain Maury. He has reasons for desiring farther exploration, little known to the general public, and in his address to the Geographical Society he explained these. Speaking to the members of a learned society, he necessarily assumed in his hearers an amount of geographical knowledge greater than that possessed by most of our readers, and in endeavouring to popularize his views, we shall therefore use our own language and illustrations.

On examining a terrestrial globe, we may see at a glance that all the great masses of land lie in the northern hemisphere, while a great expanse of waters covers that half of the earth's surface which lies south of the equator. In all old maps and globes an ocean is represented as filling the space between the south pole and the arctic circle. It is not so, however. A continent or an archipelago exists within this area. The darkened surface in the centre of the annexed chart exhibits the space which has not yet been explored. Its superficial extent in round numbers is 8,000,000 of square miles. The superficial extent of Europe is only 3,700,000 square miles. Those parts of the line of farthest exploration which are coast, and those which are merely the edge of pack-ice, or open sea, will be best distinguished by a brief indication of the chief attempts made to penetrate into the mysterious regions beyond the antarctic circle. The exploration of the antarctic seas may be said to have begun with M. de Kerguelen in 1772. This French officer then attempted to land on the island which still bears his name, but did not effect his purpose, in consequence of the tempestuous character of the weather. Returning to Europe, he announced the discovery of land in 50° S. lat., which he did not hesitate to describe as part of a great continent overspreading the whole of the antarctic zone. In the following year Captain Cook descended towards

the South Seas, and in spite of the obstructions offered by fields and mountains of ice succeeded in crossing the antarctic circle. Between the meridians of 101° and 110° west, he advanced to the parallel of 71° 10' south, this being, till recently, the farthest progress made towards the south. A deep bay representing his voyage of discovery may be traced on our map. He had a desire, he says, in his "Voyages," to get nearer the pole. But what, he asks, would have been the use of it? Would it have been prudent to risk the loss of all that had been gained by the expedition for the sake of exploring a coast not likely to supply one fact important in navigation, geography, or any other science? "The appearance of these coasts," he added, "is more horrible than can be imagined." It is evident that he entertained opinions with regard to antarctic exploration very different from those of Captain Maury. Indeed, his description of the south polar ice fields are by no means calculated to stimulate adventure; and for more than half a century after his time no direct attempt was made to raise the curtain from these inhospitable coasts.

In 1813, however, James Weddell, the captain of a merchant ship, in an open season penetrated between longitudes 30° and 60° West to the latitude of 74° 15', thereby forming another gulf represented on our chart; and in 1831, Captain Biscoe discovered Enderby Land, while other accidental voyages close upon the antarctic circle showed that Cook had somewhat magnified the dangers of exploration in the South Polar Seas. The progress of events had in the mean time directed public attention in all countries to the importance of geographical knowledge. A great English colony had been founded in Australia within "ten days' steam" of the antarctic lands; an American fleet of whalers, numbering 3,000 sail, had sprung up in the South Seas; and the politicians of Paris, anxious to increase the influence of France in the Pacific, were exploring the seas of the south temperate zone, actuated by what has been described as "un juste souci de son influence politique et l'honneur de son pavillon." Accordingly, about twenty years ago three expeditions coasted the antarctic lands: one English, under Sir James Clarke Ross; another American, under Commander Wilkes; and a third French, under Dumont D'Urville. The English navigator it was who, on the 1st of January, 1841, crossing the antarctic circle, penetrated into the deep gulf represented in the map through which runs the meridian of 180 degrees. His progress was soon stopped by pack-ice. He succeeded, however, in finding an opening, boldly pushed in, and, after making his way for 200 miles among drifting masses of ice, gained at length a clear sea. On the morning of the 11th, he came in sight of a magnificent line of coast, towering to the height of from 2,000 to 12,000 feet, covered to the summit by snow, and laden, not only in every valley and fjord, but on every slope, with glaciers projecting miles into the ocean. To the sea they opposed an abrupt cliff of ice, which rendered the interior inaccessible. Landing on an island, he found no trace of organic life, not even a lichen or a moss. All was desolation. The sun, only rising two degrees above the horizon, cast a feeble light over the snows, and left in deep gloom the sky overhead. As he advanced farther, the volcano represented in the map made its appearance—a magnificent cone, loftier than Etna, vomiting forth immense volumes of smoke, which, hanging in clouds in the air, and reflecting the volcanic fire, cast a lurid glare over the snow-fields and the long shadows of the mountains. What must the scene be in the winter, when the sun never rises once above the horizon for six months! A great barrier of ice stopped the farther progress of the navigator.



The map shows the lines of coast discovered in all these expeditions. They appear at three points on the antarctic circle almost equidistant. The question is naturally suggested, do they form the seaboard of an antarctic continent, or are they merely the headlands of an antarctic archipelago? Till within the last ten years science did not supply the data whereby we might determine which of these is the more probable hypothesis. Now, however, thanks above all to the exertions of Captain Maury, observations, not in thousands, but in millions, on the currents of the ocean, the direction of winds, the fall of rain, and the temperature and weight of the atmosphere, have been carefully sifted, with the view of extracting from them not only information important in abstract science, but of higher importance still in practical navigation. The southern hemisphere, we already remarked, is oceanic, the northern hemisphere is continental. The former may thus be expected to be

more largely charged with vapour, and so it is. The rain-fall on the coasts of Patagonia has been observed as high as 153.75 inches in forty-one days; and other facts of the same kind show that the winds of the south temperate zone are surcharged with moisture. But the observations sifted and arranged by Captain Maury relate more to the direction of the winds, and their intensity, than to the amount of vapour with which they are laden. He has divided the whole of the watery surface of the globe into belts five degrees in width, and represented the direction of the wind within each in diagrams, which bring his great results vividly before the mind. He has thereby demonstrated that, although the winds both of the north temperate and the south temperate zones blow towards their respective poles, those of the southern are wider spread, more constant, and stronger than those of the northern hemisphere; a conclusion which might have been come to from the high waves of southern latitudes, and the rapidity with which clipper-built vessels make their passage from Australia to Cape Horn.

One great fact to be noted is the flow of the wind towards the south pole. How is it to be accounted for? A fire makes currents sweep towards it. It is the heat of the sun in the tropical zone which produces the indraught of the trade-winds. Within the antarctic circle no such cause exists. The volcano seen by Sir James Ross is not the only one in the antarctic lands; but we dare not assume the existence of a Plutonic agency in these regions sufficient to put in motion the whole winds of the hemisphere. In the arctic regions a similar indraught exists, accounted for by the warm current which sets from the Atlantic into the Polar Sea. Why, asked Sir E. Belcher at the meeting of the Geographical Society, should not the indraught of the antarctic regions in the same way be accounted for by the warm waters poured down into the arctic circle by the great current which sweeps along the eastern coast of South America? Captain Maury's reply is that no such current is represented in his maps, although appearing in the great chart of the currents exhibited at Burlington House. Another phenomenon which distinguishes the southern from the northern hemisphere, viz., the immense size and magnitude of the icebergs, he thinks, serves to explain the motions of the winds. These huge floating mountains which so abound in the southern seas could not have been formed by any aggregation of fragments of ice frozen on the surface of the sea. They must have had their origin as glaciers in mountain valleys, sloping to the sea, and gradually pushing themselves forward until torn by the action of the sea from the dry land and launched as icebergs upon the open ocean. Now, glaciers such as those found in the Pacific can only be formed by the condensation of vapours in lofty highlands. We may conclude, then, from their vast number and size, not only that a vast expanse of antarctic coast has not yet been explored, but that these coasts rise from the sea in a lofty mountain wall.

The atmosphere of the southern zone is filled with vapours; these are blown towards the north by the wind, and the whole Southern Ocean is filled with great masses of ice floating northward, which we know must have been formed by the condensation of vapour upon lofty highlands. Can we doubt then, asks Captain Maury, that the withdrawal of this vapour from the atmosphere is the cause of the wind of the South Seas? Supposing that such condensation is constantly going on, it is evident that the temperature of the atmosphere should be raised by the latent heat disengaged in the process, and it is also evident that the weight of the atmosphere should be diminished, inferences which are sufficiently confirmed by observation. But it may be asked why should the antarctic lands not form a ring of islands inclosing an interior sea? Captain Maury replies, that all over the globe land lies opposite to sea and sea to land. In the arctic regions there is a sea; in the antarctic there should be a continent. If, then, a great continent lies within the antarctic circle, it is natural to suppose that it will be overspread throughout its whole extent with glaciers and snow-fields. Captain Maury does not think so. He is of opinion that billows of dry air raised in temperature by the latent heat liberated from the condensation brought by the north winds to the sea-board, will roll into the valleys of the interior and fill them with a tepid atmosphere. Our surmises with respect to Central Africa, previously to the explorations of Livingstone, should make us cautious in asserting that nothing is to be discovered in the interior of an untrodden continent; and it is startling to know that one of the most eminent geographers of the age, after patient study and laborious calculation, has come to the conclusion that within the fringe of ice-bearing seas and the the gigantic walls of glacier-clad mountains which are supposed to run close upon the antarctic circle, there may be a region nearly twice the size of Europe, lit up by volcanic fires, and heated by tepid air liberated from the condensed vapour of the ocean, where, in the gloom of a night lasting half the year, our meteorologists may yet study, in all their splendour, the strange phenomena of the *aurora Australis*, and whence, perhaps, our naturalists may yet bring plants and animals resembling those which belonged to the early epochs of geological history, but utterly unlike any which now exist on the surface of the globe. We have every reason to hope we may discover along the coasts whaling-tracks, cold currents abounding with valuable fish, great guano beds, and other products which will add to the resources of our southern colonies. Such statements are indeed startling. "In mute eloquence," says Captain Maury, "they plead the cause of antarctic exploration."

SPIRITUALISM—ELIZABETHAN AND VICTORIAN.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

THE main points of difference between the spiritualism of Dr. Dee and that of our time, are—1, The Elizabethan spirits are not, so far as we are aware, descendants of Adam; while the Victorian spirits are avowedly the ghosts of departed human beings. 2, The spirits of 1582, according to the records, appeal boldly to the senses; while the spirits of 1860 appeal chiefly to the imagination. 3, The spirits of the former epoch are politico-religious missionaries on a grand scale, proceeding so far in the exercise of their calling as to give away thrones while their occupants are still living. Our modern spirits, we believe, have not advanced so far as this, by a great way.

For the substantiation of assertions 2 and 3, so far as the Elizabethan spirits are concerned, let us turn our attention now to the spirits in human shape who present themselves in the "Crystall Globe." Sometimes there comes thither a solitary visitor, at other times the "spiritual creatures" appear in twos and threes, in sevens and twenty-ones, and forty-nines, and occasionally they

troop in upon the startled sight as thick as the crowds at Charing-cross on Lord Mayor's Day. Most of these spirits are evidently frank and fearless. They come in broad daylight, and, indeed, seem to prefer paying visits in the forenoon. How unlike the degenerate spirits of our time, who insist on a chamber's being reduced to utter darkness before they will condescend to begin their performances!

As regards these spirits Dr. Dee is exceedingly circumstantial, and occasionally exhibits pictorial powers of a remarkable kind. Modern mediums, when introducing spirits to our notice, most frequently appeal to the ear alone. At times they attempt also to satisfy the sense of touch, and to win belief through the eye. But the doctor gives us clear notions of the faces, forms, voices, dress, deportment, character, &c., of his visitors. You have spirits black, white, and grey; spirits fair and spirits foul; spirits "fast" and spirits "slow;" eating spirits and drinking spirits; spirits with three faces, like the famed Gorgon, and spirits who, like the god Mercury, have wings attached to their heads, and feet, and shoulders; there are spirits who are dressed up in the height of the fashion, and spirits as innocent of clothing as Adam and Eve before the Fall; there are child-spirits in long clothes of white silk, and pretty young lasses in gowns of green and red, and poor forlorn old maids in scarlet "petticoates;" there are gentlemen spirits in "short coats," gentlemen spirits in black velvet robes, and gentlemen spirits in rags; there are spirits who assume in succession all the colours of the rainbow; there is one notable female spirit who occasionally turns herself into a table, or a three-legged stool, and soon after returns again to the female form divine; there is a male spirit, who, after fatiguing himself by dancing, applies water to his head, and neck, and arms, when, lo and behold! he is straightway transformed into a fair lady; and lastly, there is a most wonderful spirit which moves about within the head of Edward Kelly as will be seen by the following passage from Dee's diary:—



A Gentleman Spirit in a "Short Coat," from a Sketch by Dr. Dee.

"Edward Kelly yesterday had a show of a little thing as big as a pease of fire as it were in the stone going about by the brinks. And because it was not in shape humane, he of purpose would not declare it to me, and so I have noted (as appeareth) of no show. This he told me on Tuesday night (that was yester-night), upon occasion of a great stir and moving in his brains very sensible and distinct, as of a creature of humane shape and lineaments going up and down to and fro in his brains, and within his skull, sometimes seeming to sit down, sometimes to put his head out of his ear."

The spirits who move about in the show-stone converse freely with Dee and Kelly. Many of them exhibit much refinement of manner. There are not a few, however, whom your fine fashionable folk would pronounce to be utterly unrepresentable in a drawing-room. With respect to educational acquirements, you find that many of the spirits, both male and female, possess some knowledge of geography and history, and that several have a smattering of Latin. And there is one pretty spirit maiden amongst them, who is learning Syriac and Greek. On the whole, however, your vanity is largely ministered to by the conviction that these angelic beings of the age of Elizabeth are not so greatly superior in ability, learning, or breeding, to the spirits of your dear departed friends and late contemporaries of the days of Victoria, who so obligingly return to earth in order to rap out names by a letter at a time, to tie true lovers' knots under round tables, to administer ghostly counsel to sick minds, to prescribe chamomile tea for disordered bodies, to denounce unbelievers, logic, and pork-chops.

Of the spirits who appear in the show-stone, between twenty and thirty are introduced to us by name. Of the female spirits, the most remarkable are "Ath," "Finis," and "Madini." The male spirits number amongst them such celebrated spirits as the Archangel Michael, and the angels Uriel and Gabriel. Then there is one spirit with the simple appellation "Ben," another who answers to the name of "Jam," and a third bearing the uncouth designation of "Lundrumguffa." The female spirits, we feel bound to say, are, beyond comparison, the sprightliest. Ath is described as having on "a red kirtle, and above that a white garment, like an Irish mantle, on her head a round thing like a garland, green, and like a coronet under the garland, precious stones on her breast and back." On Dee's making some reference to the precious stones, this lady smartly exclaims, "What! do you think I am a jeweller's wife by my apparel?" With Dee the spirit Finis has a stout controversy ament the character and position of women. The Doctor quotes the saying of Trithemius that, "never any good angel was read of to have appeared *forma muliebri*." Upon this Finis fires up vehemently, and learnedly declares that, "as in both you read *Homo*, so in both you find one and the selfsame dignity in internal matter all one." She clinches the point by reminding Dee that "true wisdom is always painted with a woman's garment." The Doctor, of course, is silenced. But of all the spirits commend us to pretty little Madini, whom we beg to introduce to the reader as she appeared in the conjuring room.

"Suddenly, there seemed to come out of my Oratory, a Spirituall creature, like a pretty girl of 7 or 9 years of age, attired on her head with her hair rowled up before, and hanging down very long behind, with a gown of Sey . . . changeable green and red, and with a train she seemed to play up and down . . . like, and seemed to go in and out behind my books, lying on heaps, the biggest . . . and as she should ever go between them, the books seemed to give place sufficiently . . . one heap from the other, while she passed between them. And so I considered and . . . the diverse reports which E. K. made unto me of this pretty maiden and . . .

"Δ. I said . . . Whose maiden are you?
"Sh. Whose man are you?
"A Voice. You shall be beaten if you tell.
"Am not I a fine maiden? Give me leave to play in your house, my Mother told me she would come and dwell here.
"Δ. She went up and down with most lively gestures of a young girl playing by herself and diverse times another spake to her from the corner of my study by a great Perspective Glasse, but none was seen beside herself.
"Shall I? I will [speaking to one in the aforesaid Corner].
"Δ. Tell me who you are?
"I pray you let me play with you a little, and I will tell you who I am. . . .

I am a poor little maiden, Madini, I am the last but one of my mother's children, I have little baby children at home.

"Δ. Where is your home?
"Ma. I dare not tell you where I dwell, I shall be beaten.
"Δ. You shall not be beaten for telling the truth to them that love the truth, to the eternal truth all creatures must be obedient.
"Ma. I warrant you I will be obedient. My sisters say they must all come and dwell with you. . . .
"Δ. Your eldest sister her name is Esémeli.
"Ma. My sister is not so short as you make her.
"Δ. O! I cry you mercy. She is to be pronounced Esémeli."

Amongst the most regular male visitors is the Archangel Michael. On his first appearance he is altogether wingless; but his nether limbs, we are told, are covered with feathers. After a time, however, his shoulders display the usual angelic appurtenances. The Archangel seems to have a sense of the value of gymnastics. He is represented as amusing himself occasionally by flinging golden trenchers up into the air, somewhat after the manner of modern street jugglers. Once he strips a man of his clothes, and "leaves him, as it were, only in his shirt." As a consequence, probably, of all this vigorous exercise, Michael sometimes appears before you in a profuse sudation. He is very loquacious is the Archangel, very commonplace at times, like most of us mortals, and occasionally, we must say it, exceedingly obscure. However, he makes Dr. Dee a present of the magic ring, "wherewith all miracles and divine works and wonders were wrought by Salomon."

The ring is of gold. The letters on its seal, P E L E, form one of the names of a dread supernatural being.

The angel Uriel, who presented Dr. Dee with the "Crystall Globe," is also a frequent visitor. Amongst other valuable services, this angel reveals to the great Medium the evil designs of the bad spirit Lundrumguffa, who, it seems, has been planning the destruction of Dee, his wife and children. "Discharge him [Lundrumguffa] to-morrow with brimstone!" Such is the fiery advice of Uriel. But by to-morrow the friendly angel has made up his mind to take the business into his own hands. How Uriel decided to act in this matter, and all that he did, is it not written in the handwriting of Dr. John Dee, in "Doctoris Dee Mysteriorum Libri Quinque," in the Sloane Collection of Manuscripts, in the library of the British Museum? For the gratification and enlightenment of the

eager reader, we transcribe these most interesting details:—

"1582, Martii 11.
"Sunday, a. Meridie hora 3a circiter.
"Δ. Uriel being called by E. T., there appeared one clothed with a long robe of purple all spangled with gold, and on his head a garland or wreath of gold: his eyes sparkling . . .
"Δ. Are you Uriel?
"Then presently came in one and threw the brave spirit down by the shoulder and beat him mightily with a whip; and took all his robes and apparel off him, and there he remained all hairy and ugly, and still the spirit was beaten of him. And that spirit which so beat him said to the hearing of my skryer [or seer], so thus are the wicked scourged.
"Δ. Are you Uriel who speaketh that?
"UR. I am he, write down and marke this for it is worthy of the noting.
"This was thy persecutor Lundrumguffa. I brought him hither to let thee see how God hath punished thy enemy.
"E. T. He drew the wicked spirit away by the leggs and threw him into a great Pitt, and washed his hands, as it were, with the sweat of his own hand for he seemed to be all in a sweat."

After these particulars, the reader will not dislike a peep at the "Governor," not only of Lundrumguffa, but of "all enchanters, conjurors, witches, and evil spirits." The engraving is from a sketch by Dr. Dee himself.

Soon after the horsewhipping of Lundrumguffa, the confederates, Dee and Kelly, contrived to turn their dealings with the spirits to practical account. In 1583, it happens that a certain Count Albert Laski, a Polish nobleman of large property visited England for the purpose of beholding the glory and magnificence of the court of Queen Elizabeth. Having heard much of Dee's wonderful colloquies with the "spirituall creatures," Laski was anxious to make the acquaintance of the Doctor. He was introduced to the great alchemist and conjuror, who asked him to dinner, and excited his curiosity to an amazing extent with narratives of the sayings and doings in the "crystall globe." In Dee's diary for the 25th of May, 1583, we find the following curious entry:—"I [John Dee] and E. K. [Edward Kelly] sat together, conversing of that noble Polonian, Albertus Laski, his great honour here with us obtained, and of his great liking among all sorts of people." "No doubt," remarks the author of "Extraordinary Popular Delusions," on this sentence,— "they were discussing how they might make the most of the



The "Governor" of the "Evil Spirits" from the drawing in "Libri Quinque."

noble Polonian." The speedy success of their plans is thus told in the book referred to:—

"With such tales as these they lured on the Pole from day to day, and at last persuaded him to be a witness of their mysteries. Whether they played off any optical delusions upon him, or whether by the force of a strong imagination, he deluded himself, does not appear; but certain it is that he became a complete tool in their hands, and consented to do whatever they wished him. Kelly, at these interviews, placed himself at a certain distance from the wondrous crystal, and gazed intently upon it, while Dee took his place in a corner, ready to set down the prophecies as they were uttered by the spirits. In this manner they prophesied to the Pole that he should become the fortunate possessor of the philosopher's stone; that he should live for centuries, and be chosen king of Poland, in which capacity he should gain many great victories over the Saracens, and make his name illustrious over all the earth. For this purpose it was necessary, however, that Laski should leave England, and take them with him, together with their wives and families; that he should treat them all sumptuously and allow them to want for nothing. Laski at once consented, and very shortly afterwards they were all on the road to Poland."

THE WEATHER IN NOVEMBER.

The weather during the month of November was dull and gloomy; the sky was generally overcast, the temperature low, and the air very humid. The following are the particulars of each element:—

The barometrical reading, at the level of the sea, on the 1st day was 30.01 in.; it increased to the highest reading in the month (30.54 in.) on the 7th; it then decreased, day by day, to the lowest, 29.28 in., by the 17th, and continued varying about the point 29.5 in. till the end of the month.

The mean for the month was 29.88 in., and which is 0.06 in. below the average for November.

The thermometer, in the shade, attained its highest point (55°) on the 1st day, and its lowest point (28½°) on the 3rd day.

The mean highest day temperature was 46½°, and of low night temperature was 35¼°; and both these elements were 2½° below their averages, and therefore both the days and nights in November were cold.

The mean daily temperature of the air reached its average on five days only, and was deficient on twenty-five days, frequently at the beginning of the month to 4°, 5°, and 6°.

The mean temperature of the air for the month was 40¼°, which is 2¼° below the average of the same month in forty-three years.

The degree of humidity of the air was seldom below 90°, and was often as high as 95°, and on some days reached 100°, representing complete saturation. Indeed, throughout the month the atmosphere was loaded with moisture. The mean degree amounting to 93°, exceeding the average by 4°.

The proportion of wind was N. 6, E. 13, S. 5, and W. 5. By Robinson's anemometer, the horizontal movement of the air was about 180 miles daily. There were no strong winds during the month.

Rain fell on eleven days to the amount of 2¼ inches, being 1.10th of an inch above the average for the month. The fall of rain in this year now amounts to 29¼ inches.

JAMES GLAISHER.

ASTRONOMICAL PHENOMENA IN DECEMBER.

DURING the whole of this month there will not be any particularly interesting phenomena. There will be no eclipse of the sun or moon; no occultation of large stars, nor any peculiarly interesting position of planets.

The Sun rises at about 8 o'clock, and sets before 4, therefore the days are less than eight hours in length.

The Moon will be new on the 12th, and full on the 28th; and in her monthly course she will be near the planet Mars on the 19th; which planet will be due south at 26 minutes after 5 in the evening, and about four minutes afterwards the Moon will pass the meridian.

On the 21st, at 1h. 51m. p.m., the Sun enters Capricorn and winter commences.

On the morning of the last day, the Sun will be at the least distance from the earth during the year.

During the month Venus is a morning star; Mars is an evening star, and visible till about 11h. p.m.; and Jupiter rises, on the first day, at 10h. p.m., and on the last day, at 7h. 58m. p.m., and at proportional intermediate times between these days, and afterwards is visible throughout the night. On the last day this planet and the Moon are near together.

NECROLOGY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

BARON DE BUNSEN.

On Wednesday, the 28th ult., at his residence, Bonn, his Excellency Baron de Bunsen, late Prussian Minister at the Court of St. James, in his 70th year. The deceased Baron was one of those learned men who have been enabled, by a concurrence of fortunate circumstances, to join together the pursuits of literature with the duties of a busy and active life, and what is more, a person who owed his advancement, reputation, and wide influence to his own exertions. He was of humble extraction, and was born at Corbach, in the small German Principality of Waldeck, in August, 1791. Having studied under Heyne, at Göttingen, and obtained a name for his good scholarship, which he increased by the publication, in 1813, of an essay "De Jure Hereditario apud Athenienses," he went to Paris, and thence to Rome, with the view of perfecting himself in Sanskrit and Eastern literature. Whilst there he attracted the attention of Niebuhr (then Secretary of the Prussian legation in the Eternal City), to whom he became private secretary, and whom he eventually succeeded in his official post. He now gave himself steadily up to the pursuits of literature, his first work being one on the "Topography and Antiquities of Rome." He also interested himself in the hieroglyphical researches of Champollion, and was mainly instrumental in inducing the *savans* of Berlin to follow up that branch of study, and more particularly in

directing towards it the rising talents of the great Egyptologist, Lepsius. In 1822 the then king of Prussia became personally acquainted with the merits and ability of his minister, and from that time forth he continued to be his firmest friend. As Prussian Minister at Rome, Bunsen took an active part in the establishment of Protestant worship there. In 1838 he resigned his diplomatic post, on a difference arising between the Court of Berlin and the Vatican upon a question of ecclesiastical right in the Prussian States. After a visit to Munich and to England he was again sent on diplomatic employ in 1839 as ambassador to the Swiss Confederation; and in 1841 he was sent to London as accredited representative of his sovereign at the Court of St. James's, where he remained until the approach of the outbreak of the war with Russia forced him to retire. In London, and indeed all over England, he mixed much in society, and made his influence widely felt in the highest circles, and even with Royalty. As one of the leaders of philological inquiry and of philosophic thought, and as one of the most enlightened and far-seeing of statesmen of the day, his name will long live in England, which more than one of his children have permanently made their home. One of his sons, having graduated at an English university, became tutor in the family of the Duke of Sutherland, who presented him, a few years since, to the valuable rectory of Lilleshall, near Newport, Shropshire; and one of his daughters is married to J. H. Battersby, Harford, Esq., of Stoke Park, near Bristol, late High Sheriff of Cardiganshire. During the six years which have passed since his retirement from public duties Bunsen lived at Bonn, devoting himself to his favourite studies to the last. A long list of his works will be found in the new edition of the "English Cyclopædia": the most important and the best-known of them are, "Hyppolytus and his Age," "The Life and Letters of B. G. Niebuhr," "The Epistles of Ignatius, with annotations," "The Basilicas of Rome viewed in Connection with Church Architecture and History," "The Constitution of the Church of the Future," "Christianity and Mankind," and "Egypt's Place in Universal History."

COLONEL CHARLES FRANCIS ROWLEY LASCELLES.

On Sunday, the 18th ult., in Grosvenor-street, aged 64, Colonel Charles Francis Rowley Lascelles, formerly of the Grenadier Guards. He was the son of the late



Rowley Lascelles, Esq., by Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Sir Charles Gould Morgan, Bart., M.P., aunt of Lord Tredegar. He was born in 1797, and entered the army in 1812, and served with the 1st regiment of Guards in the Peninsula in the campaigns of 1813-14, and had received the war medal with two clasps for the battles of Nivelle and the Nive. He served also in the campaign of 1815, including the

battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo and the taking of Peronne. Colonel Lascelles, who represented a branch of the family of the Earl of Harewood, lived and died unmarried.

RICHARD RICHARDS, ESQ.

On Tuesday, the 27th ult., at Caernwch, Merionethshire, aged 73, Richard Richards, Esq., late M.P. for the county of Merioneth. He was the eldest and last surviving son of the late Right Hon. Sir Richard Richards, formerly Chief Baron of the Exchequer, by Katharine, daughter and heir of Robert Vaughan Humphreys, Esq., of Caernwch. He was born in 1787, and educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1810, and proceeded M.A. in 1812. In the same year he was called to the bar at the Inner Temple. In 1820 he was appointed Accountant-General of the Court of Exchequer, and one of the Masters in the High Court of Chancery in 1841. Mr. Richards was a magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Merionethshire, and represented that county in the Conservative interest from the month of April, 1836, till he finally retired from political life at the dissolution of 1852, when his place was supplied by Mr. W. W. E. Wynne. He was very popular, both in the House of Commons and in legal circles, where he was generally known by the familiar *soubriquet* of "Double Dick," in allusion, not to his nature, but to his name. According to the "County Families," Mr. Richards married, in 1814, Harriet, daughter of Jonathan Dennett, Esq., by whom he has left issue. His eldest son, and successor is Mr. Richard Meredith Richards, barrister-at-law, and formerly student of Christ Church, Oxford, who was born in 1821, and married in 1845, Elizabeth Emma, daughter of William Benett, Esq., of Faringdon House, Berks.



DOWAGER LADY TRIMLESTOWN.

On Sunday, the 24th ult., aged 87, at Stanton Lacy, near Ludlow, Alicia, Dowager Lady Trimleston. Her ladyship was the second daughter of Lieutenant-General Charles Eustace, of Dublin, and sister of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Wm. Cornwallis Eustace, K.C.H., C.B., and of Major-General Sir John Rowland Eustace, K.H., of Baltrasney, county Kildare, formerly high sheriff of that county. In 1797 she became the second wife of Nicholas, 14th Lord Trimleston, in the peerage of Ireland, who left her a widow at his death, in 1813. She married, secondly, Lieutenant-General Sir Evan Lloyd, K.C.H., of Ferney Hall, county Salop, by whom



(who died in 1846) she had issue a son, Evan, formerly captain, Royal Dragoons, and also two daughters, viz., Alicia, married, first, to the late Wm. Oakeley, Esq., of Oakeley, county Salop, and, secondly, to Henry J. Sheldon, Esq., of Brailles, county Warwick; and Louisa, married to the late Sir W. Willoughby Dixie, Bart., of Bosworth Park, county Leicester. The Lords Trimleston represent a branch of the knightly house of Barnewall, of Canestown, county Meath, the head of which is now Sir Reginald Barnewall, Bart. It should be added here, that the Rev. Charles Eustace, the eldest brother of the lady, petitioned the Crown in 1839 for the acknowledgment of his title as Viscount of Baltinglass, and the Right Hon. M. Brady, at that time Attorney-General for Ireland, reported on it, concluding thus:—"I am of opinion that the petitioner has shown sufficient evidence

of his right to the dignity of Viscount Baltinglass, in case the attainder of James, 3rd Viscount, created by the Act of Queen Elizabeth, were reversed." This James Lord Baltinglass was one of those Irish Roman Catholic noblemen who appeared in arms against Elizabeth and fled, in 1586, with his brother, to Spain, where he died, and the title, though assumed by two of his descendants, has not yet been officially recognized.

WILLIAM PHILLIMORE, ESQ.

—On Wednesday, the 28th ult., at his residence, Deacon's-hill, near Elstree, Hertfordshire, William Phillimore, Esq., in the 84th year of his age. This gentleman, who was many years in the commission of the peace for Herts, was a brother of the late Joseph Phillimore, Esq., D.C.L., of Shiplake House, Oxon (some time M.P. for West Maves, and Chancellor of the Diocese of Oxford), represented a family which came over to England with the conqueror, and a branch of which are the Filmers, Baronets, of Kent. He was born in 1777, and married Almeria, eldest daughter of the late Godfrey Thornton, Esq., of Moggerhanger House, Beds, by whom he has left issue. His eldest son, the Rev. George Phillimore, Rector of Radnage, is a Magistrate for Bucks, and is married to a daughter of W. W. Prescott, Esq., of Hendon, Middlesex.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Right Hon. Charles Herbert Pierrepont, second Earl Manvers, of Portman-square, and of Thoresby Park, and Holme Pierrepont, Notts, died at his seat, Thoresby Park, on the 27th of October last, at the age of 82, having survived his wife, the countess, only fifty days. His lordship executed his will three days prior to his decease, which was proved in the London court, on the 3rd of this month, by his executors, namely, the Right Hon. Sydney William Herbert Pierrepont, Earl Manvers, heretofore Viscount Newark, son of the late earl, and by his sons-in-law, Edward Christopher Egerton, Esq., M.P., and Charles Watkins Williams Wynn, Esq. The personalty was sworn under £80,000. The will is very short, and written on one side of paper. His lordship is succeeded in his title and estates by his only surviving son, now 3rd Earl Manvers, and to whom the deceased earl has left the residue of his personalty, bequeathing his money equally amongst his three children, being one son and two daughters, and leaving an annuity of one hundred guineas to Louis Christin, chargeable upon his Thoresby estate. The will is attested by George Dennis, groom of chambers to the late earl, and W. S. Ward, of Wellow, Notts. The deceased earl commenced his life in the Royal Navy, but quitted that service when he was returned M.P. for the county of Notts, which his father had represented before him. He represented Nottingham from 1801 until the demise of his father in 1816, when he succeeded to the earldom. The family name was originally Meadows, but his father assumed the name of Pierrepont by sign manual, upon inheriting the estate of his maternal uncle, the last Duke of Kingston, and upon being raised to the peerage. His ancestor, Sir William Meadows, Knt., was ambassador to Denmark and Sweden.

Joseph Liggins, Esq., of Homer's Villa, Addison-road, Kensington, and of Willoughby Bay, in the island of Antigua, died at Homer's Villa on the 22nd of June last, possessed of personalty in this country of the value of £12,000. The will bears date in 1852, and has four codicils, all being executed in England. The surviving executors, Thomas H. Baylis, Esq., of King's Bench Walk, Temple, and Herbert Mayo, Esq., of Mincing-lane, renounced the grant of probate, whereupon letters of administration, with the will annexed, were granted to Henry Liggins, Esq., the son of the testator, and who is appointed residuary legatee. The testator had considerable possessions in the West Indies, consisting of estates, plantations, &c.; these, together with the personalty, he has devised in the following manner, namely:—his estates he has left to his son, and directed that they be entailed upon his issue, and has added thereto the sum of £10,000 from his personalty. To his daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Cotton, he has left the sum of £1,500, in addition to £1,000 under marriage settlement. The testator has left legacies and annuities to his brother, sister, grandchildren, and other members of his family; also bequests to the following charitable institutions;—the Hospital at Brompton for Diseases of the Chest, £100; the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's-inn-road, £50; and to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, £100, which are to be paid free of legacy duty. There is also a bequest of £200 to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, towards the fund for extinguishing the National Debt.

The Hon. Robert Baldwin, of the city of Toronto, and of Spadina, both in the province of Upper Canada, and who died in that colony, was possessed of considerable landed property and estates in that quarter of the world, some of which he inherited from his grandfather, who went out there as an emigrant from this country. The testator, who had settled there, had also been successful in his undertakings, and realized considerable property, which, added to that he had inherited from his grandfather, he has disposed of in the following manner:—To his eldest son he has devised these estates which he inherited, with other estates since acquired, and directs that they shall be retained as an inheritance; and that the library and furniture in the family mansion shall descend as heir-looms. To his youngest son he leaves certain estates, together with the sum of £5,000; and to his two daughters he bequeaths a legacy of £500 each, together with other bequests. The entire residue of his estate he directs to be equally divided amongst his two sons and two daughters. The executors being resident in Canada, the will was administered to under a power of attorney, there being funded property standing in the testator's name as a trustee. The will having been first administered to in the Court of York and Peel, in Upper Canada.

Colonel George Anthony Legh-Keck, of Slaughter Grange, Leicestershire, and of Bank Hall, near Lancaster, died at the latter residence, on the 4th of September last, aged 86. This aged gentleman held an elevated position in society, he succeeded to the estates on the death of his brother, in 1797, in which year he was returned M.P. for Leicestershire, and represented that county in Parliament for the long period of thirty-five years. He was a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for the county, and Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant, Prince Albert's Own Leicestershire Yeomanry Cavalry. He executed his will on the 30th of September, 1859, appointing as his executors Geoffrey Palmer, Esq., of Carlton Park, Northampton, and Edward Bouchier Hartropp, Esq., M.P., of Little Dalby Hall, Leicester, who have proved the will in London under £70,000 personalty. The testator has left his property, which is very considerable, both real and personal, to the Hon. Major Powys, of the 60th Royal Rifles, who is also Major of the Leicester Militia. He was the humane founder of the Soldiers' Daughters' Home, over which he presided as Chairman. He was also the

originator and Hon. Secretary of the Central Association. The Colonel bestows numerous tokens of regard and remembrance to friends and others, and has bequeathed liberal legacies and annuities to his servants. The will is professionally drawn, and is of very considerable length.

Major-General Sir Henry Gee Roberts, K.C.B., of Her Majesty's Bombay Army, died at his residence, Hazeldine House, Redmarley, Worcestershire, having executed his will in 1855, which was attested by Charles Roberts and John James Bond, both of the Public Record Office, Carlton Ride. He bequeaths the whole of his estates, both real and personal, to his wife, Lady Roberts, for her own use and benefit, and has also appointed her sole executrix. She administered to the personalty, under £3,000. Major-General Sir Henry Gee Roberts was the grandson of the late Mr. W. Roberts, President of Magdalen College, Cambridge, by the daughter of Mr. Gee, and was the second son of Mr. W. Roberts, of Gloucester. He entered the Company's service in 1818, and by successful military enterprise attained a distinguished rank. He was Colonel of the 21st Native Infantry. He did not long enjoy the honours he had meritoriously acquired, as his death occurred in his 60th year.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. G. Crawford, of the corps of Engineers, of the Bombay Army, who died at that presidency on the 22nd of April last, made his will there, dated 6th October, 1853, which was attested by Hugh B. Lindsay and H. E. Goldsmid, both of the Bombay Civil Service. The will is exceedingly brief, and entirely in his own handwriting, bequeathing the whole of his property, including all securities in India and in England, together with all other assets, to his wife for her own sole use and disposition. This gallant officer had attained to rank and distinction in the engineering and artillery departments in the East; a service requiring great scientific attainments.

Reviews of Books.

HAZLITT'S HISTORY OF VENICE,*

The publication of Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt's "History of the Venetian Republic" takes place at an opportune moment. We stand upon the very verge of a new year, during the course of which the condition of Venice is destined to occupy no inconsiderable share of public attention. Who is to be the future sovereign of Venice will be decided in the course of the year 1861. Perhaps the question may be determined by diplomatists; but most probably its final solution will be found on the field of battle, and at the cost of thousands of lives. Heaven alone can know what the result is to be; no man can venture to predict it.

Whatever may be the future of Venice, it is a matter of great importance to the people of this country that there should be placed within their reach a full, accurate, and judicious history of all its past transactions; that such a task should be undertaken by a gentleman who, with the power to appreciate the maxim of the prince of historians, has also the ability to act upon it; who knows that a history, to be useful, "should not merely recite events and their consequences (both being frequently fortuitous); who is competent to point out what facts are of vital importance to the subject under consideration, and then trace up these facts to their genuine causes;" "ut non modo casus eventusque rerum, qui plerumque fortuiti sunt, sed ratio etiam causaeque noscantur."

The author of these four interesting volumes prepared himself for the duty he was about to discharge by a careful study of all the ancient authors who had written upon the affairs of Venice. The contributions which have been made to Italian history since the days of the great annalist and illustrious antiquarian, Muratori, have also been sedulously studied by Mr. Hazlitt. Every page of his work affords the proof of diligent research; and one not well acquainted with Italy must be astonished at finding the number of authorities cited by Mr. Hazlitt—and how so many different persons had been occupied in writing about the transactions of a single city. That surprise must be lessened when these two circumstances are taken into consideration—first, the important and influential position occupied by Venice since the downfall of the Roman empire naturally attracting the attention, and occupying at the same time the thoughts and pens of Italian statesmen and scholars; second, that fact—alike strange and peculiar to Italy—viz., that its seemingly obscure cities and little Republican states have crowds of annalists and historiographers devoting themselves to the recital of their peculiar transactions, to the tiny achievements of their puny magistrates, and the small deeds of their pigmy warriors. The writers of the history of our world-famed city of London, for instance, may be counted upon the fingers; but if one wishes to know the names of all the writers of histories, annals, and descriptions of such places as Pavia, or Parma, or Turin, or Ancona, or Bologna, or Monza—not to refer to cities like Milan or Florence—then it will be soon discovered that the local historians of those small places are to be counted, not merely by decades, but in some instances by hundreds. No man could in a lifetime read all the local histories of Italy. The local Italian historical literature is aptly illustrated by a large quarto volume, published in Rome in the year 1792, and entitled, "Bibliographica Storica delle Città e Luoghi dell' Stato Pontificio." It is to this volume Sismondi refers in his "History of the Italian Republic," when he says:—

"In these states no ancient city is to be found that has not had three or four historians at the least; very frequently more: and the more voluminous the historian is, and the more he enters into details, the higher rises the interest of his book beyond that of his competitors. 'The Bibliographical History of the Papal States' contains, in a thick quarto volume, the names only of the local historians of seventy-one cities still existing in the States of the Church, and of sixteen which have perished. Many centuries of assiduous reading would not get through them all."

We refer to this fact—the superabundance of local historical works in Italy—for the purpose of showing that the undertaking to write a full account of the rise and progress of the Venetian Republic from its earliest stages to the full development of its greatness and civilization is a task involving much labour, and requiring talents of the very highest order. This duty Mr. Hazlitt has performed well, and conscientiously. He had to choose between two descriptions of "history"—"the picturesque" and "the accurate." To be a picturesque historian it is only necessary for an author to think more of himself than of his subject—to construct a theory as a playwright composes a plot for his drama—to make out a hero, or a succession of heroes, and then to portray secondary incidents as primary facts—to suppress or to slur over everything that might tell against the cherished theory or pet hero; and so, with sentence-making, and brilliant anti-thesis, and polished periods, present the world with "a romance," and misname it "a history." This is the more popular style of history. But for a person to write a history that will last, and that cannot fail to be respected as an authority,

* History of the Venetian Republic: her Rise, her Greatness, and her Civilization. By W. Carew Hazlitt, of the Inner Temple. 4 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 65, Cornhill. 1860.

it must be "accurate." It must indulge in no imaginative theory: it must take its facts from contemporary writers, and must not ascribe to real personages words they never uttered, nor give them credit for ideas they never expressed. It must abide by the text it professes to quote, neither subtracting from nor adding to the original. Such is "the accurate" style of writing a history; and to that Mr. Hazlitt, to his honour, has rigidly adhered.

The thoughts of all politicians in Europe—it may be added, of the world—are at this moment fixed upon Venice. Men think of it as a marvellous substantiality—a city of dazzling marble palaces reposing upon the surface of the clear, blue waves of the Adriatic—something more extraordinary than imperial Rome itself, and which, as it was well said in the old Latin epigram, when compared with Venice, appeared as if it had been built by the hands of men, whilst Venetia was a structure that could only have emanated from the might and majesty of the Deity itself:—

"Si Tiberim pelago confers, Urbem aspice utramque:
Illum homines dices, hanc possuisse Deos."

It is of the varying fortunes of this glorious city, with its justly celebrated Republic, that Mr. Hazlitt writes; and as the history of England may be briefly told by dwelling upon nought but its leading epochs—the invasion of the Romans, the invasion of the Saxons, the invasion of the Normans, the Reformation, and the Revolution which secured the throne to the house of Hanover; so the history of Venice may be briefly glanced at by pointing to the various changes, or rather developments, of those simple principles of self-government on which it was originally based.

The Venetians themselves considered that their free and Christian republic started into existence upon the 25th March, in the year 421, when the refugees nominated three consuls to rule over the Rialto, then declared to be a place or city of refuge. The consuls, it may be observed, were in 457 supplanted by tribunes. The real and purely historical commencement of Venice must, however, be dated from the month of March, 697, when the people, acting under the advice of their ecclesiastical superior, freed themselves from the tyranny and incapacity of their tribunes, and elected as their first duke or doge Paolo Luca Anafesto, and invested him with supreme power as their "civil, military, and ecclesiastical chief." The form of government then established continued to the time of Ziani, in 1172-3, and the last considerable change was made in 1296, followed by the Serrari del Gran Consiglio, and that, with few modifications, may be considered as continuing to the time of Napoleon Buonaparte, the perfidious destroyer of the ancient and illustrious aristocratic commonwealth of Venice.

Thus briefly and imperfectly may be glanced at "the constitutional history" of Venice, told so fully, so elaborately, and so clearly, by Mr. Hazlitt. It is a history alike interesting and instructive—interesting to the people of England, and instructive to all other nations of Europe, that have been so long and so vainly seeking to secure freedom for themselves. Such persons have always hitherto failed, because—unlike to Venice and to England—in their endeavour to establish what they called "constitutional government," they were indulging in theories and making experiments, instead of carrying into effect reforms grafted upon the ancient institutions of their country. They have not perceived that reforms, to be lasting, must, as it were, "lock into" long-established customs, and be congenial to the habits of the communities on which they are imposed.

The duration of the Venetian republic is attributable to the fact, that from its first origin to its final violent destruction by exterior force, it proceeded upon ancient customs, making in its legislation and forms of administration, from time to time, such changes and modifications as new circumstances, new inconveniences, or unforeseen necessities, rendered feasible or politic to have effected. In this consists the wisdom of statesmen, as contradistinguished from the vanity of political charlatans. Such is the distinction to be drawn between a Cristoforo, Patriarch of Grado, in the seventh century, and of an Abbé Sièyes in the eighteenth. An enlightened and highly-gifted Italian writer, when referring to changes to be effected in an existing form of government, has made an observation, the wisdom and justice of which are alike illustrated by the annals of England and Venice. "It is necessary," says the Italian philosopher, "that those who take upon themselves the responsibility of effecting such changes, should carry them out in such a manner as that what is new will chime in perfectly with the old, and that the changes themselves fit into the indentations that have been left by the first founders of the constitution."

"— conviene attendere a far sì, che le cose nuove si avvingano bene alle antiche, e si continuino all' addentellato lasciato da' primi fabbricatori."

This work will be interesting to Englishmen on account of the able manner in which it traces out and details the political progress of Venice, both in its internal development and its foreign relations; but it will also be peculiarly interesting from the close relationship which it demonstrates to have existed for a long time between England and Venice, and their intimate commercial connection with each other. Taken as whole, "Hazlitt's History of the Venetian Republic" is an important contribution to the literature of this country. Our only regret is that the author's labours are not yet brought to a close. We look forward to the continuation of his labours with the sincere wish that what is yet to do may be equal, as we feel confident it will, to what has been already accomplished.

Mr. Hazlitt's history will certainly take its place as a standard work on the subject to which it is devoted; and therefore do we recommend him to look again to the first portion of the chapter (pp. 5, 6, especially) with which he begins. In the hurry of composition he has fallen into a mistake when he affirms that Julius Cæsar made war upon the inhabitants of Venice. Cæsar made war certainly upon people that were called "Veneti," but those "Veneti" were the inhabitants of Vannes in Brittany, whose descendants are now to be found in the Département du Morbihan.

The first time that mention is made of the "Veneti" in Cæsar is in the seventh chapter of the third book, "De Bello Gallico," and the origin of the military and naval operations that then took place is narrated by him in the following manner. He states that Crassus was then (U.C. 698, A.C. 56) wintering in the duchy of Anjou (Andibus); and as he was suffering from want of corn, he sent prefects and military tribunes to look for provisions. Amongst these was T. Terrafidius, who went to the Eusubii; M. Trebius Gallus, to the people of Corseul (Curiositas), that is in the Côtes du Nord; and Q. Velanius, with T. Silius, to the people of Vannes (in Venetos). The maltreatment of the Roman ambassadors by the Bretons led to the war which Mr. Hazlitt supposes was carried on against the Venetians.

Both the inhabitants of Vannes and of Venice were called "Veneti;" the city of both was styled "Venetia." (See Cæsar, Bell. Gal., lib. iii., c. 9, and Livy, lib. i., c. 1, lib. v., c. 33, lib. xxxix., cap. 22). It is a disputed point with Breton antiquarians whether the "Venetia" mentioned by Cæsar, that is Darioirg, the capital of the ancient people of Vannes, was situated where is now the modern City of Vannes, or at Locmariaker. The similarity of names has led to a mistake, which, with the inferences drawn from it, can, with little trouble, be corrected in a future edition.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER.

THIS autobiography of a man, requested by an unknown sculptor to sit for "Olympian Jove," called by Walter Scott "Jupiter Carlyle, the greatest demigod I ever saw," a jovial companion, a favourite of both men and women, filling an important place in the Presbyterian Church at the beginning of the reign of George III. and living till 1805, who mixed all his life in the best literary society of Edinburgh and London, and passed frequently between the two, as well as travelled through several parts of England and Scotland, is exceedingly interesting. The author was present at the battle of Preston Pans, and saw the Pretender; he was a Volunteer on the right side in 1745, and encouraged the Volunteers nearly sixty years afterwards to arm against Buonaparte; he had civil as well as military courage, for he was one of the first Presbyterian clergymen who avowed himself a card-player and frequented theatres; he was an author of considerable pretensions, and a leader in the assemblies of the Church, and gives us information on many subjects.

The book contains a notice of almost every memorable man in the early part of the long period, and a running commentary on the more remarkable events. Unfortunately it was not begun till late in life, and only a small part of it was left, imperfect and incomplete. The editor, Mr. Hill Burton, has performed his duty well; supplied a short tail to a little head, given many explanatory notes, but the body, existing only in Dr. Carlyle's consciousness, is lost for ever. Only this inspires us with any regret, for as far as the work goes it is clever and agreeable. If we cannot say that it is as racy as the memoirs of Horace Walpole, extending over the same period, it is much more candid. The disappointed courtier is a satirist and a sneerer, the clergyman is a bold honest speaker and a careful observer. His life of labour was also a life of enjoyment. He was jovial "within the limits of becoming joviality," and gives a cheerful yet faithful portrait of the men of the age. What he has left reflects equal credit on his good sense and his good taste; and we only wish, as we come to the end, that he had loved to write more, and clear away the repetitions which the editor has not liked to discard.

We are astonished at the number of historical characters of whom Dr. Carlyle, from personal knowledge, tells us something new. Two Dukes of Argyle, John and Archibald; the Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh (Adam Smith's amiable duke); Lord Bute, attending at his levee booted and spurred, that he might have an excuse for hurrying away; Charles Townshend, the most renowned talker and speaker of his time, a meteor glancing through the social sky; Clive, with the two sides of his face extremely unlike, morose, moping, and melancholy; Charles, satirized by Pope, because he was a runner of Walpole's; Colonel Gardiner, the enthusiast, whose conversion from a rake is a modern miracle; Lord Grange, a brother of Earl Mar, made a judge, as a century before Shaftesbury and others were made chancellors, not because they were good lawyers, but politicians, or had political connections; Wedderburn, going circuit without a brief; Wilkes, whose ugliness even then attracted attention, studying at Leyden with Charles Townshend, by whom he was outshone in conversation; Littleton and Shennstone, Franklin, Adam Smith, David Hume, Home, the author of "Douglas;" Robertson the historian, Lord Mansfield, Lord Camden, with many others, pass before us in this moving panorama of sixty years. Of them all, especially of Dr. Carlyle's intimate friends, the leading men of Edinburgh, we learn something new and worth remembering. Adam Smith, the preceptor and tutor to the Duke of Buccleugh, who did honour to his master, was so shy and so little a man of the world, that he kept the world from the duke by his awkwardness, instead of bringing the two familiarly together. Akenside, the poet of liberty, the son of a butcher at Newcastle, was so ashamed of his birth, that he always stole *incog.* through that town when he had occasion to pass, and never acknowledged his relation to it. Hume, the great philosopher, whose scepticism made him the terror of many classes, was, in society, "dupishly simple," and the butt for the rough caustic railery of many a "doughty Scot." Smollett, after he had become a great man and retired to Chelsea, came to town once a week to give audience to his five or six dependent authors. He appointed them works of compilation, translation, or abridgement, and after he had seen the works, recommended them to the booksellers. He kept two of them to sup with Carlyle and Robertson, "curious fellows," whose names we should like to have preserved as specimens of the literary heroes of the time. Smollett was then a "polished" gentleman, "who astonished Dr. Robertson by his excellent manners." Such kind of personal recollections are extremely numerous, and are always graphically and kindly expressed.

It is curious to notice a panegyric on Smith's "Theory of Moral Sentiments," which nobody now reads but students of metaphysical speculation, and a depreciatory judgment of the "Wealth of Nations," which has become the standard of Political Economy throughout Europe. Yet Dr. Carlyle's judgment that it is tedious and full of repetitions, the latter part of it being like occasional pamphlets, is not wholly incorrect. It must, indeed, be admitted that the "Moral Sentiments" is a more artistical work than the "Wealth of Nations;" but the latter, improved in part by the spirit of a Glasgow merchant (Provost Cochrane), is a work of practical instruction, the former of philosophic speculation.

For its literary history of the period, when Scotland was making such rapid advances as England made under Elizabeth and Anne, the book is invaluable. Of the celebrated Dr. Robertson, of whom much is said, we transcribe the following anecdote:—

"He had gone a jaunt into England with some of Henry Dundas's (Lord Melville's) family. Dundas and Mr. Baron Cockburn and Robert Sinclair were on horseback, and seeing a gallows on a neighbouring hillcock, they rode round it, to have a nearer view of the felon. When they returned to the inn, Robertson immediately began a dissertation on the character of nations, and how much the English, like the Romans, were hardened by the cruel diversions of cockfighting, bull-baiting, bruising, &c., for had they not observed three Englishmen on horseback do what no Scotchman or—Here Dundas, having compassion, interrupted him, and said, 'What! did you not know, Principal, that it was Cockburn and Sinclair and me?' This put an end to theories, &c. (of which Robertson was extremely fond), for that day."

Some of these men, like Simpson, rarely went beyond the walls of a college, and were completely formal; but the majority of them were members of clubs, mixed much with one another, and were jovial ready-witted men. In addition to notices of them, we have sketches of manners. Sharp lairds travelling about to places where whist was played for high stakes; natural children occupying high positions in society; much feasting, wine and punch drinking, bring distinctly before us the origin of many of the vices of this generation reprobated and punished by the sons and successors of those who then practised and sanctioned them. The accounts of Lord Lovat and Lord Grange, and their love-making, may help to explain why the morals of Scotland, according to the latest return of the Registrar-General, are still with respect to the sex very objectionably loose.

In the early part of Dr. Carlyle's career Scotch youth could dine sumptuously on broth, beef, and potatoes, and fresh fish three or four times a week, with small beer *ad libitum*, and get a good university education for a small sum. Taught at once frugality, self-reliance, and much useful knowledge, they made

* Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk: containing Memorials of the Men and Events of his time. Blackwood & Sons.

their way successfully in all professions in every part of the world. At these dinners, however, as at some of greater importance, knives and forks were almost unknown, unless the guests carried their own in a shagreen case; and there was only one glass on table which went round with the bottle. While boys could be educated thus cheaply, the professors of Glasgow, such as Hutcheson, did not disdain to open their lecture-halls once a week to the public—the commencement of the modern practice of imparting scientific instruction to the multitude—so that the burghesses might receive lessons on "Grotius de Veritate Religionis Christianæ." Glasgow even then had learned merchants, whose sons attended college one or two years, and held weekly discussions, though it could not complete a cargo for Virginia without the help of Manchester. We might take from the book many illustrations of the manners and the men of that time; but we must not expand the subject nor further forestall the reader in the pleasure he will derive from reading the numerous anecdotes contained in so valuable an Autobiography.

CIVILIZATION.

THE author of this "Philosophy and History of Civilization,"* Alexander Alison, Esq., has compressed the whole subject from Adam to Garibaldi and the late James Wilson, including original sin, free-will, schism, revision of the liturgy, electric telegraphs, &c., into one octavo volume. He disposes of the most profound subjects of thought which have occupied other men for their whole lives, and many men for ages, in a single paragraph. He has never had any doubts; he sat down two years ago, and at once exhausted the subject. The great question of the transmutation of species, now so much discussed, is settled in a few lines. "The whole world was once peopled by negroes," and all "other races propagated from the negro." Many other equally important questions are settled in an equally off-hand and satisfactory manner. From explaining thus lucidly the history of mankind, he descends to instruct the young as to what books they should read, and how to choose them. According to him Bacon was ill-informed, and "followed a partial method of reasoning, while the method I follow (Mr. Alison) is universal and impartial." Newton, too, stopped short of the truth, and Alexander Alison, Esq., carries "philosophy a point beyond that to which Newton brought it. Sir Isaac arrived at his result by figures, while I got mine by working up from the facts of physics and history." There have been, he says, no other books written on civilization than those of M. Guizot and Mr. Buckle, and both are so imperfect as to be scarcely worthy of notice. His object is not to explain, as they humbly but foolishly proposed, the course of civilization, but to improve "civilization in character, morals, religion, manners, and customs." And here is his own estimate of what he has done.

"I have now finished the search after truth, and I hope the comprehensive question, What is truth? has now been answered. I commenced the inquiry with philosophy, when I traced all nature up to one source. I next penetrated into the bowels of the earth, and read, as in the pages of a book, the history of the pre-Adamite world. From geology and natural history I went to chemistry, and there got an insight into the properties of matter. From the outer world I entered the inner world, the mind, and there brought to light the source of civilization which had so long remained unknown and undeveloped. From human nature I went to Scripture, and by comparing the two Revelations, I discovered many errors, not in either nature or Scripture, but in man's interpretation of both. History yet remained; but how to bring so voluminous a subject into one focus, so that comparison might be brought to bear on it, was the difficulty. This obstacle overcome, the work was complete. Every corner of the world had been searched, and every page of history compared with experience."

Alexander Alison, Esq., more learned than Bacon, Newton, Guizot, and Buckle, knows all about everything—knows to a gas and a cinder how the world was created—knows that God consists of two substances—knows how he must act and has acted: and all his hastily-gathered fragments of knowledge are expressed at every page with the greatest irreverence of both God and man. Such a thoroughly worthless work—though many of the opinions snatched up from newspapers or from works at present in vogue are not incorrect—deserves no detailed notice.

All is so evidently borrowed without deliberation, and expressed without thought, that the truth in the work cannot redeem it from being a mass of trash. If, as is said, critical booksellers and critical librarians now judge of the merits of the books they publish, these new censors of the press are much to blame for obtruding such a worthless work on the attention of the public. It is positively offensive to find the civilization of mankind, one of the greatest problems offered to investigation, decided at a heat by a gentleman who can be, in his own estimation, nothing less than its great author, for he professes to improve it in all its branches.

COOKERY, ANCIENT AND MODERN.†

"CÆLEBS IN SEARCH OF A COOK" is, as a literary performance, a failure. The author undertakes to perform the part of "an old bachelor," and breaks down in it. He undertakes to give information on the subject of cookery, suited for persons in the middle classes of society, and he has nothing new to tell them, or what he tells is an absurdity when addressed as a piece of advice to persons of moderate means, such, for instance, as what he states, in page 30, as to all the requisites for a breakfast, or as these words in page 51:—

"An ice-house is an article of luxury which every one ought to possess!"

He also represents himself as a profound classical scholar. "A man," he says, in page 52, "who is not a classical scholar is, in my opinion, an object of compassion;" and for the purpose of showing his classical scholarship he refers to the luxury of the Emperors Caligula and Vitellius, and quotes a few passages from Plutarch. When such a subject as the feasting of the ancients is ventured upon, why has he not one word to say about "the supper of the blessed Nasidonus," nor of the rules laid down by that great authority in gastronomy whose precepts Cælius recounted, but whose name he refused to disclose? Why omit all mention of the senatorial conference upon the turbot of Domitian, and of that highly-gifted gourmand, who could tell by the first smack of an oyster whether it had been taken on the coast of Italy or on the far-distant shore of Kent? Neither is there, though so applicable to his theme, the slightest allusion made to that admirable satire in which Juvenal, when recounting the nature of the frugal entertainment to which he was inviting his friend, inveighed against the absurd expense and criminal pleasures indulged in at Roman banquets.

If the author of "Cælebs in Search of a Cook" was what he assumes to be, and wished to illustrate fully the subject he was discussing, by a reference to the manners and customs of the ancients, assuredly he would not have overlooked an illustrious author who has

"put down in his book fish, and their uses, and the meaning of their names; and has described divers kinds of vegetables, and animals of all sorts . . . and who talks of the different kinds of drinking-cups, and of the riches of kings, and the size of ships, and numbers of other

things which I cannot easily enumerate, and the day would fail me if I endeavoured to go through them separately."

What offends us most in "Cælebs in Search of a Cook," is the irreverent use made of the Holy Scriptures. No one can read three pages of the book without detecting it to be a fiction. It is manifestly a sham, and yet on the title-page the motto is taken from "Ecclesiasticus," and in other parts of the work the Bible is referred to; and the make-believe hero—to show the world what a very good man he is—states (pp. 42-44) that he reads prayers for his servants every morning and evening!

Had this Pharisee, who advertises his private devotions, known there was such a book on cookery as the "Deipnosophists," he might, with propriety, have quoted the following passage from it, to show, while he was searching for a cook, what importance some people in former times attached to the office, and what an amount of learning and knowledge they looked for from a person who undertook to dress a dinner—on philosophical principles.

"When you see
A cook who is no scholar, nor has read
The subtle lessons of Democritus
(Ay, and he must remember them besides),
Laugh at him as an ass; and if you hire one
Who knows not Epicurus and his rules,
Discharge him straightway. For a cook must know
(I speak the words of sober trust, my friend)
How great the difference is in summer-time
Between the glaucisk of the winter season;
He must know all the fish the Pleiades
Bring to us at their setting; what the solstice,
Winter and summer, gives us eatable,—
For all the changes and the revolutions
Are fraught with countless evil to mankind,
Such changes do they cause in all their food.
Dost thou not understand me? And remember,
Whatever is in season must be good."

From this neglect,
Come spasms, and the flatulence which ill
Beseems a politic guest."

A really good cookery-book, suited to the means and resources of the middle classes, is much wanted. "Cælebs in Search of a Cook" does not supply it.

CHINA AND JAPAN.*

IN this volume the Marquis de Moges, without attempting to supply a complete and authoritative account of Baron Gros' mission to China and Japan, has recorded his own impressions de voyages as an *attaché* to the embassy, in such a lively and entertaining fashion as to leave on the minds of his readers a more vivid recollection of the course of events than that produced by more complete and elaborate narratives. He is a well-informed, unprejudiced, and gentlemanly young Frenchman, willing to admit that in a few immaterial matters we English are in advance of his countrymen; but yet, penetrated with the conviction that Paris is the focus of European civilization, and that the policy of France is more disinterested than that of England. The opinions of such a traveller on the sights he saw in our settlements in the far East are very far from being destitute of importance, as they in all probability represent pretty fairly the ideas brought home to France by the other members of Baron Gros' party, and, indeed, the impressions formed by a large class of educated foreigners who have passed over the same route. We shall therefore allude briefly to a few of the chief events in the narrative. Baron Gros did not proceed to China overland. On Wednesday, the 27th May, 1857, at six o'clock in the morning, he left Toulon for the Cape on board the *Audacieuse*, a screw-frigate propelled by an engine of 800 horse power. Six days afterwards this vessel cast anchor in the harbour of Santa Cruz, and the *diplomates* amused themselves in scanning through their telescopes the bright whitewashed houses at the water's edge, the surrounding heights, with their mantle of fig-trees, cactuses, and bananas, the aerial tints of the distant promontories, the dusky flank of the mountain, and the fiery cloudlets far overhead. On shore the embassy enjoyed themselves amazingly. The marquis wandered through the deserted streets of the capital town among camels kneeling lazily in the sun and browsing on the luxuriant turf, or amused himself in deciphering on the ruinous houses the time-stained shields of the old noblesse. As a French gentleman he has a taste for pedigree and heraldry, and his gratification may be imagined when he was introduced to a family of the name of Bethencourt, descendants of Jehan de Bethencourt, the Norman knight, who, after conquering the Canaries for the King of Spain, in 1402, returned to die at Grandville, his native town in France.

While the marquis was musing sadly over the evidences of decay with which the island everywhere abounds, his companions had observed a phenomenon of quite a different complexion. They had caught a glimpse of the graceful mantles and black eyes of charming señoritas, who peered stealthily at them from behind the window-blinds. "It was not long," says our author, "before our midshipmen got into animated talk with the pretty damsels." Balls and entertainments followed, which were wound up with a dancing party on board ship, to which the timid fiddlers of the island, fearing a squall, could not be induced to come, and were dispensed with. The next point touched at by the *Audacieuse*, was the English island of Ascension. Coming from the Fortunatæ Insulæ, the Marquis de Moges was amazed at the scene of desolation which met his gaze. Nothing was to be seen but volcanic crags and sand-hills, without a trace of vegetation. A terrible surf rages all round the rock. It was only after running the risk of having the long boat staved, and after many vain attempts, that Baron Gros and his party, drenched to the skin, succeeded in landing. The garrison is one great public-house. The red-coats drink, dance, and sing perpetually; and one result is, that go where you may in the island, from the fringe of breakers up to the summit of the volcano, and down into its crater, you will everywhere see fragments of broken bottles. These habits, the author assures us, are legalized by the English Government, in respect of the singular dreariness of life in this insular station; and, indeed, parapets have been judiciously constructed along all the paths leading from the high ground down to the beach, to prevent these unhappy martyrs to England's greatness from toppling over the crags into the ocean's flood which foams below. At Cape Town, English civilization made a better impression on the French party. Putting up at the Masonic Hotel, which overlooks the Parade, they could look down from an open window upon the busy scene below, where innumerable cabs and private carriages, à l'Européenne, mingle with lumbering waggons drawn by sixteen or eighteen long-horned oxen, in the midst of a dense crowd of Englishmen and Dutchmen, Malays, Negroes, Hottentots, and Coolies, the black to the white faces being in the proportion of ten to one. At Singapore, M. de Moges was even more amazed at the motley character of the population, and the rapidity with

* Philosophy and History of Civilization. By Alexander Alison, Esq. Chapman & Hall.

† Cælebs in Search of a Cook. With divers Recipes, and other Delectable Things relating to the Gastronomic Art. London: James Blackwood, Paternoster-row.

* Recollections of an Embassy to China and Japan in 1857-9. By the Marquis de Moges. Authorized Translation. Richard Griffin & Co. 1860.

which a great city has sprung up under English auspices in the Malay archipelago. But at Hong-Kong, where the expedition arrived in the middle of October, his surprise culminated. Here he saw a city of 70,000 inhabitants, standing on a spot where, fifteen years before, the only human habitations were a few fishermen's huts.

The English, he exclaims, really possess "a wonderful faculty for colonization." He describes the splendour of the palaces of the English merchants, and the wide macadamized street which runs for three miles along the shore; but he deprecates the inefficiency of the police, who, although they perambulate the streets at all hours with muskets over their shoulders, cannot preserve public peace. An adventure which befel the commander of the *Catinat* illustrates the existing state of society. This naval officer had a very low opinion of the Hong-Kong people. He never went on shore without putting a pair of pistols in his pocket. One day he was returning from town at two o'clock in the afternoon, when four stout fellows sprung upon him and caught him from behind, while a small boy came up and quietly took his purse from his waistcoat pocket, disentangling at the same time from his person his watch and watch-chain. This done, the robbers pitched him violently to the ground. Then they retired leisurely, and disappeared in the crowd. The Chinamen standing about stared and grinned, but not one of them came to the rescue. Hong-Kong has become, it appears, the rendezvous of the pirates of the Canton river. When Sir John Bowring was taken to task by his French guests for encouraging this state of matters, he seems to have given them a lesson on the principles of free-trade. There has been sold, he said, this year alone to the pirates of the rivers no less than 4,000 small cannons and swivels. "What," asks M. de Moges, "would we think of one of our own countrymen who should sell muskets to the highlanders of Algeria? But it seems," he adds, "that we Frenchmen are mere children in all that relates to political economy." The French Embassy had, of course, much intercourse with the Roman Catholic missionaries, and from them they received a frightful account of the ravages committed by the use of opium in China. This traffic was also vigorously defended by the English merchants on the principles of political economy.

"A man [says the Marquis] of Lord Elgin's noble and elevated character could not fail to express warmly his detestation of this evil. But what efforts of an individual will avail against commercial habits which have acquired tenacity and proved a source of so much wealth. It is humanitarian England [he adds], so noisy, vigilant, and susceptible about the Negro slave trade, which unscrupulously causes all this misery. One cannot pass Woosang and see those great receiving-ships, sinking to the water's edge under their freight of opium, and bristling with cannon, without a feeling of indignation."

The account given in this work of the ascent of the Pei-ho and the negotiations at Tien-tsin, is particularly interesting. It is M. de Moges' opinion that the authorities at Peking have not been made sufficiently to feel the power of the European states. The most preposterous ideas of the barbarians find currency among the people.

"Here is the way [he says] in which the people in the interior of the empire interpreted the retreat of the English and Admiral Seymour, on the occasion of the *lorcha Arrow* case, which occurred, it will be recollected, towards the end of 1856. The Chinese admiral had resorted, it appears, to a most ingenious device. One night, when the ebb had set in, he threw a great quantity of large turnips into the river. The red barbarians hearing the turnips bumping up constantly against the ships' timbers, got up in alarm to look out, thinking they were attacked. They rushed wildly to their guns and kept up a constant fire into the darkness upon imaginary enemies. The Chinese admiral waited till they had foolishly spent the best part of their powder and shot, and then, opening a real attack, he took and destroyed all their vessels. In this way history is written in China! The governor-general of Teheli had recourse, in his official report, to a similar stretch of fancy in order to explain our victory on the Pei-ho to his countrymen. Just as we made our appearance in these seas, a high tide, he said, of the most unprecedented kind had suddenly come surging in from the ocean, overturning the forts of Taku, rendering useless the bravery of its defenders, and enabling the foreign devils, who rode unharmed upon the waters, to force the entrance to the river, and to ascend through channels at other times completely closed against them."

To put an end to a public opinion formed on such reports as these, M. de Moges shows that the presence of an European army at Peking is essential. He, in short, advocates the course now taken by Baron Gros and Lord Elgin; and we venture to say that no one will read his book without coming to the conclusion that his advice is sound.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

We have received, amongst other periodicals, two that are published at a considerable distance from this city—the *Levant Quarterly Review*, of Constantinople (sold in London by Messrs. Saunders, Otley, & Co.), and *Brownson's Quarterly Review*, of New York (sold in London, by Mr. Dolman). As foreigners from far distant lands they are entitled to a hospitable reception, and are, therefore, the first noticed. The *Levant Quarterly Review* is, for the most part, made up of papers not originally written for publication in its pages; but of lectures that have been composed for oral delivery by their authors, and who give to this *Review* the advantage of exclusive publication. The first of these, "A Discourse on Henry, Lord Brougham," by Mr. Alfred A. Fry, is an elaborated panegyric upon the ex-Chancellor, and the style in which it is composed is worthy of the illustrious subject to which it is devoted. The most curious paper in the *Review* is an investigation into the strange assertion recently made by a French *sarvan* that there are to be found in the north-west of Africa, "a low tribe of negroes with tails!" Some of the anecdotes told of that cerotie race are absolutely terrific—far more dreadful than the worst story of giant, ogre, or wizard, that can have been invented for the purpose of rendering a new story-book for the coming Christmas attractive. Amongst other useful articles in this *Review* are "Four Hundred Years in Stamboul," "Cotton Growing in Egypt," "The Passage of the Nile," "Quarantine in the Levant," and "Notes and Queries"—the last a perfectly novel department in such a periodical.—*Brownson's Quarterly Review* is the recognized organ of the American Roman Catholics. Its editor, Dr. Brownson, is universally considered by all Roman Catholics competent to form an opinion upon such a subject, as the ablest, the most learned, and the most gifted lay member of their body, speaking and writing the English language. Such is the notion respecting him universally entertained by Roman Catholics, not only in the United States, but in the British dominions. He is as brave in spirit as he is candid in speech; and the consequence is, that he has, by his plain speaking, made for himself many enemies amongst the very party of whose religious opinions he is the ablest expounder, and the most strenuous defender. The persecution he has suffered from violent and virulent members of "the Irish democratic party" in the United States is a scandal to them, and an honour to himself. Regarded as an authority on religious matters, *Brownson's Review* is deserving of perusal by all who wish to know what the Roman Catholics are doing in the Great Republic—what are their hopes for the future, and what their admitted difficulties at present.—There are three papers in *Fraser*, which may be considered as the best specimens, in their respective styles, for magazine articles. These are "Concerning Screws—a Consolatory Essay," "On Modern Competition," and a biography of "Thomas de Quincy."—In the *Cornhill* is an announcement, which will attract more attention than any article published this month; it is to the effect, that the

January number will contain the commencement of a new story by W. M. Thackeray, entitled, "The Adventures of Philip, on his way through the world; showing who robbed him, who helped him, and who passed him by." This announcement is accompanied by an engraving of "The Good Samaritan" assisting the poor traveller, who, in passing from Jerusalem to Jericho, "fell amongst robbers."—The mysterious and startling story of "Caspar Hauser," has long since passed away from the public attention. It is now revived in *Colbourn's New Monthly*. The harrowing tale is again told: but the mystery remains as dark and insoluble as ever. What can be more strange than the facts connected with that unhappy boy—undoubtedly the son of some noble or royal family—confined for so many years in a dark dungeon, and fed on bread and water, until his mind was reduced to a state of idiocy; then discovered, and with proper care, his natural faculties so far restored, that the reminiscences of his childhood were returning to him; and then, when his recollections were likely to put persons upon the track of discovering his parents and relatives, brutally assassinated! Such is the story of "Caspar Hauser." It ought not to be permitted to pass into oblivion. Attention is directed in *Colbourn* to a recent work by Mr. Cyrus Redding, and the claims of that honest consistent veteran of the liberal press to a literary pension advocated. If "the literary Pension List" were fairly appropriated, Mr. Redding would long since have been amongst its recipients. Persons are in the receipt of the fund, who have not the smallest claim upon it, whilst writers and scholars like Mr. Redding are excluded.—In *Blackwood*, there is an article addressed to the editor by Mr. George Henry Lewes, the author of "Physiology of Common Life," in which Mr. Lewes reiterates opinions he had previously published, and replies to attacks made on him in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review*. Mr. Lewes maintains that it is in vain persons attempt "to solve physiological problems by chemistry alone." He admits in discussing theories on food, a large part is, of course, to be assigned to chemistry, which must furnish indispensable aid; but, on a *priori* grounds, he argues that chemistry cannot successfully cope with truly vital questions; and on a *posteriori* grounds, it has been shown that no success has yet followed the immense labours of chemistry in this direction, not one single practical result for the feeding of animals having been achieved." The subject is one of great importance, and we therefore indicate how the controversy upon it is carried on, without expressing an opinion as to the value of the arguments adduced on either side. The romance of "Agostina" is brought to a conclusion, and a second paper is published by *Blackwood* upon the value and importance of "Iron-clad Ships of War." The first paper in the *Dublin University* gives, from ancient and documents, a curious account of the ancestors of the Duke of Wellington, and shows how they acquired fame and lands by making war upon an Irish sept—the O'Conors—who were finally driven out of the King's County to the remote regions of Kerry. The most interesting contribution in this number is entitled "Shawn Bruie," which is a veritable legend of an Irish outlaw, well and graphically told.—*Bentley's Miscellany*, at all times a light and agreeable magazine, concludes its twenty-eighth volume this month, with the promise of being still more light and agreeable for the future. The January number will commence with a new story, "The Constable of the Tower," by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, the author of "Old Saint Paul's," "The Tower of London," and the story is to be illustrated by the poetical and practised pencil of Mr. John Gilbert. In the course of the new year there is to be a story by Mr. Dudley Costello, and constant contributions from "Onida," and a host of other good writers, old and new.—In the *National Magazine* there are several good articles this month; but that which we consider entitled to special notice, is an accurate description, by an eye-witness, of the work carried on every day in the Strand, at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's, the great news-agents, and now the great railway booksellers and circulating library proprietors. A scene of bustle, business, methodical arrangement, and wonderful despatch, was never more graphically portrayed. If a stranger wished to have conveyed to him in the course of a few hours a clear notion of what magnitude are business transactions in London, then he should obtain—if it be possible—a view of Mr. Smith's newsagent operations from 4 to 9 a.m. of a week-day; and if such a sight is not attainable, then we recommend a perusal of the article on "Smith's" in this month's *National*.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

THERE is published in Paris (and can be subscribed for at Rolandi's) a French Picture Magazine, bearing the title of the *Magasin Pittoresque*, the peculiar merits of which deserve to be universally known in this country. Each number of this magazine is sold for a penny, and at the end of each month the several weeks' numbers are stitched together and forwarded to subscribers. In Paris, a volume of the Magazine costs five shillings; in the departments of France, the volume or numbers being sent free by post, the cost is six shillings and three pence. We suppose such would be the cost for sending the *Magasin Pittoresque* from Paris to London, or any other part of England. We have looked over a monthly number (November 1860), as well as a volume for a whole year of the publication, and have been astonished at the exquisite illustrations contained in it. They are the perfection of wood-engravings, and so well and carefully printed off, as to present to the eye all the clearness and distinctness of photographs. The engravings embrace all sorts of subjects, portraits, landscapes, birds, fishes, flowers. The best pictures of the best artists are faithfully reproduced, and this at a cost that would be incredible for its cheapness, but that the circulation of the Magazine is well known to be universal in all parts of France. It should be so in England. We have no publication like to the *Magasin Pittoresque* either in price, or in the faultless finish and working-off of its illustrations. Unlike most French periodical publications, this is free from all objectionable matter, and may be safely recommended to young persons who wish to learn French. It is not possible for foreigners acquainted with the French language to possess a more graceful or interesting publication. It would serve as an irresistible temptation to the young to learn a language, which is every day becoming an indispensable acquirement. And even in families where French is neither read nor spoken, the purchaser would be abundantly remunerated for the small cost of the *Magasin Pittoresque* in the possession of its engravings, which are executed in the very first style of art.

"Family Pictures," by the author of "Mary Powell." London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co., 25, Paternoster-row. 1861. An agreeable, instructive, and edifying miscellany. Miss Manning has, in the introductory pages, opened, for the advantage of the public, some long treasured family memorials. Amidst these will be found a description of Joseph Pain, already celebrated by Charles Lamb, but whose whole-length portrait, as drawn by his kinswoman, presents a peculiarly charming representation of a true and thorough Christian English Gentleman. Among other interesting papers in the "Family Pictures" are—"Father and Son," "A Gentleman of the Old School," "A Ghost Story,"

"Claremont and the Princess Charlotte," and the translation of Torquato Tasso's "Father of a Family."

"The Intellectual Severance of Man and Woman," by James M'Grigor Allan. London: T. C. Newby, 30, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square.—A useful, thoughtful little book, pointing out the reasons why, in the present condition of society, many young men, possessed of means to maintain a wife and family, are disinclined to marriage. The author is particularly severe on that class of gentlewomen generally known by the designation of "fast young ladies." He describes them as "outrageous caricatures of the sex in round hats and voluminous skirts." He says that "these animated dolls—these human butterflies, fluttering away their little span of life without a thought of the old age or the immortality awaiting them, are more deserving of pity than blame." The author conceives that there is a remedy for the evils that now exist, and it is one at the same time simple and easy of execution. "Much," he says, "of this great evil might be prevented if more pains were taken to make home happier, and the domestic circle more cheerful."

"Burford Cottage and its Robin Redbreast." New edition, edited by Mrs. R. Valentine. London: William Tegg.—This is a new edition of an old story, long established as a favourite with young persons. The work was originally written by Mr. Kendal, with the intention of conveying to the youthful mind accurate notions upon such subjects as astronomy, geography, science, and philosophy. The discoveries that have been made since the book was first written, have rendered alterations necessary; and these have been effected in a spirit worthy of the original author, by Mrs. R. Valentine. "Burford Cottage" is a pleasing and instructive volume, and well suited as a small prize-book in schools.

"Patience." By Perseverence. E. C. Spurrin, New Bond-street.—We are not about to speak of a virtue which, in the language of the Apostle, gives a man the possession of his own soul, but of a game of cards which bears the same name. The quantity of harmless amusement derived by many from placing cards in particular positions, and bringing them into some peculiar arrangements according to some arbitrary laws, is quite astonishing. Valedudinaries and delicate or half-occupied women, pass many evening hours in playing Patience; and Perseverence has done them a good turn by collecting and publishing a description of a great number of modes, perhaps inventing some new ones of playing the game. The little book is a model of neatness and good taste, and its contents will increase the pleasure and exercise the talents of all who are so little troubled by care that they can pass their time in playing Patience.

"The British Almanac, for 1861, of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." London: Knight & Co., 90, Fleet-street.—"Companion to the Almanac; or, Year-book of General Information for 1861." London: Knight & Co., 90, Fleet-street.—Although both these books are purchasable separately, still, as they are in point of fact issued by the same publisher and emanate from the same parties, it is but fitting both should be at the same time noticed. The Almanac of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge contains every species of information necessary to be given in such a work. It will be found most useful to persons in trades or professions. As the peculiar attractions of the "Companion to the Almanac" are not so well known, and consequently not so universally recognized as the distinctive features of the Society's almanac, we must, therefore, point them out somewhat in detail. "The Companion" is divided into two parts, and these two parts are divided into minor sections or chapters, and these again into smaller subdivisions. In each part there are eight sections. The first part gives general information on subjects of mathematics, natural philosophy, natural history, chronology, geography, the fine arts, political economy, &c. Of this part the following are the minor sections:—1, Localized handicrafts in south-midland agricultural districts; 2, Recent practical applications in meteorology; 3, Thames embankment and crowded streets; 4, Ragged, industrial, and reformatory schools; 5, South Kensington Museum; 6, Friendly societies; 7, Fluctuations in the funds and rate of interest at the Bank of England; 8, Average prices of corn. Part the second treats of legislation, statistics, architecture, public improvements, and chronicle of 1859-60. It gives—1, Abstracts of important Acts passed in the last session of Parliament; 2, Abstract of parliamentary documents on finance, currency, trade, police, population, poor-law, emigration, &c.; 3, A chronicle of the last session of Parliament; 4, Private Bills of last session; 5, Public petitions; 6, Architecture and public improvements; 7, Chronicle of occurrences; and 8, A necrological table for the past year. The volume would be found most useful in the counting-house of the merchant, the office of the professional man, the library of the student, the politician, and the newspaper writer.

"Lett's Diary, or Bills due Book, and an Almanack for 1861." Letts, Son, & Co., London, E.C.—This very useful book gives in a few pages a mass of information, indispensable for every one, who has anything to do, to be acquainted with. It is to be observed that "Lett's Diary" is not a particular form of work, published with a view of suiting all persons; but that there is a variety of the "Lett's Diary" for distinct classes. There is, for instance, a "Lett's Diary" for "ladies," for the "nobility and gentry," for "clergymen," for "physicians," for "solicitors and the legal profession," for "students, teachers, professors, and lecturers," for "the army and navy," for "merchants, bankers, engineers," for "tradesmen," for "farmers, and agriculturists," and, lastly, a "Lett's Diary" for warehousemen and mechanics." All these are of different sizes, and sold at corresponding prices, and all affording the means to each class of persons for duly regulating their time, keeping their money accounts in order, and attending to their respective engagements. We cordially recommend them to general use.

THE OLD GREEK EMPIRE.—Mr. Finlay, in his valuable work, "A History of the Byzantine Empire," gives the following account of the old Greek court, the people, church and rulers:—"The Court of Constantinople," he says, "was so utterly corrupt, that it was relieved from all sense of responsibility; the aristocracy knew no law but fear and private interest; and no crime was so venial as successful ambition." As to the people, he declares they were "careless of honour and truth." With respect to the Greek Church, he affirms, upon an examination of its annals, "The Greek Church has generally been a servile instrument either of the sovereign power or of the aristocracy, and has contributed little, either to enforce equity or civil liberty, when the mass of the lower orders was alone concerned." With respect to the Byzantine emperors this is his opinion, "All the powers the emperor had taken from others, was accumulated in his own person; nothing was done to confer any rights on the people, nor to secure them against injustice on the part of the imperial agents."

CONSOLATION.

THOU'RT down, low down, poor heart,—
At bottom of the hill;
The prudent friends who knew thee
When Fortune seemed to woo thee,
Are true to Fortune still.
So deeply art thou fallen,
Who once didst soar so high,
That beggars of thy bounty
Look proud, and pass thee by;
And former boon companions
Whisper thy name and frown,—
"The ways of Heaven are righteous,
So—kick him—he is down!"

And yet though down, poor heart,
This consolation's thine,—
Thy Conscience still befriends thee,
And kindly message sends thee,
To bear; and not repine.
The sun that lights the ocean,
Shines also on the mire;
The mole-hill and the mountain
Alike receive its fire.
The humblest dewy daisy
That blossoms on the sod,
May point like the pine-tree skyward,
And drink the light of God.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

FROM NOVEMBER 29th TO DECEMBER 6th.

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| A Voice from a Mask. By Domino. 8vo. cloth. 7s. Walker. | High Life in New York. 12mo. boards. 2s. Clarke. |
| Auckland (Lord). Journal and Correspondence. Preface by the Bishop of Bath and Wells. 2 vols. 8vo. cloth. £1.10s. Bentley. | Hind (Henry Youle). Narrative of the Canadian Red River Exploring Expedition. 2 vols. 8vo. cloth. £2.2s. Longman. |
| Allan M'Grigor. The Intellectual Severance of Men and Women. 12mo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Newby. | Hopkins (Thomas) on Winds and Storms. 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d. Longman. |
| Boy's Own Magazine. Vol. VI. Post 8vo. cloth. 2s. 6d. S. O. Beeton. | Jones (Walter). Poems. Second series. Fcap. 8vo. sewed. 1s. Longman. |
| Beeton's Christmas Annual. 1s. S. O. Beeton. | Jones (John). The Natural and Supernatural. Post 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d. Baillière. |
| Bell. On the Hand. 6th Edition. Revised by Alexander Shaw. 6s. Murray. | Kingsley (Charles). Limits of Exact Science as applied to History. 2s. Macmillan. |
| Boys (Thomas). God and Man. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 6s. Longman. | Kohl. Travels in Canada and through the States of New York. Translated by Mrs. Percy Sinnett. 2 vols. Post 8vo. cloth. £1.1s. Mainwaring. |
| Beale (L. S.). Todd's Clinical Lectures. New Edition. 8vo. cloth. 18s. Churchill. | Landel's (Rev. W.) True Manhood: its Nature, Foundation, and Development. Crown 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d. Nisbet. |
| Book and its Mission. Vol. V. 8vo. cloth. 4s. 6d. Kent & Co. | Liancourt's Trésor de la Langue Française. 12mo. cloth. 1s. 6d. Kent & Co. |
| Brünnow's Astronomy, arranged by R. Main. Part I. 8s. 6d. Bell & Daldy. | Linkworth's Remarks and Emendations, in Thucydides. 4s. 6d. Walton & Maberly. |
| Boone (Rev. J. S.). Sermons, chiefly of Theory of Belief. 8vo. cloth. 12s. Longman. | My Life, &c. By an Old Maid. Second edition. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 6s. Longman. |
| Children's Picture-book of the Life of Joseph. Square cloth. 2s. 6d. Bell & Daldy. | Parliament in the Play Room. By A. L. O. E. 2s. 6d. Nelson. |
| Choice Thoughts from Shakespeare. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 5s. Whittaker. | Pritchard (A.). A History of Infusoria. Fourth edition. Enlarged and Revised. Illustrated. 8vo. cloth. £1.16s. Whittaker. |
| Cumming (Rev. J.). Sabbath Evening Readings. "Hebrews." Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 5s. Hall & Co. | Quarles' Emblems. Illustrated by C. Bennett and H. W. Rogers. Crown 8vo. £1.1s. Nisbet & Co. |
| Combe's Constitution of Man. Ninth edition. Post 8vo. sewed. 2s. Longman. | Morocco. £1.11s. 6d. Nisbet & Co. |
| Costello (Dudley). Holidays with Hobgoblins. Illustrated by G. Cruikshank. 12mo. 3s. 6d. Houlston. | Rose Merton. Super royal 8vo. boards. 2s. Dean. |
| Christian Treasury. 1860. Vol. XVI. 5s. Johnstone & Hunter. | Shakespeare: his Birthplace and its Neighbourhood, by J. R. Wise. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. Smith & Elder. |
| D'Aubigné's Reformation, translated by H. White. Vols. 1 to 5 (Collins's Edition). Post 8vo. cloth. 11s. Griffin. | The Engineers', Architects', and Contractors' P. Book (Weales), 1861. 6s. Lockwood. |
| Edwin and Ethelberg. By F. W. Wyon. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 4s. Smith & Elder. | The Conduct of Life, by R. W. Emerson. Post 8vo. cloth. 6s. Smith & Elder. |
| Edgar's (J. G.) Stories of Struggles of York and Lancaster. Reduced. 3s. 6d. Clarke. | —, Fcap. 8vo. cloth., 1s. Smith & Elder. |
| Family Treasury of Sunday Reading, for 1860. 7s. 6d. Nelson. | The Progress of Nations. 8vo. cloth. 18s. Longman. |
| Gatty's Parables from Nature. Illustrated. 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d. Bell & Daldy. | The Dead Shot. Second edition. Fcap. 8vo. half-bound. 5s. Longman. |
| Greenhow (E. H.). On Diphtheria. 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d. J. W. Parkers. | Theatre of the Greeks. Altered in price. 8vo. cloth. 14s. Longman. |
| Gedge (Rev. J. H.) Sermons preached at Wimbledon. Crown 8vo. cloth. 5s. Nisbet & Co. | Vaughan's (C. J.) Rays of Sunlight for Dark Days. Royal 16mo. cloth. 4s. 6d. Macmillan. |
| Golden Rules. New Edition. 12mo. 3s. 6d. Routledge. | Wake (W. D.). The Genuine Epistles of the Apostolical Fathers. New edition. Post 8vo. cloth. 5s. Whittaker. |
| Girl's Delight, showing a Doll's House. 2s. 6d. Deans. | |
| Grory (W. G.). A Treatise on Industrial Resources (still neglected) in Ireland. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Whittaker. | |
| Hall's Plain Truths. 1s. Nisbet. | |

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. J. W. Parker & Co. announce "The Pilgrim: a Dialogue on the Life and Actions of King Henry VIII.," by William Thomas, clerk of the Council to Edward VI., with notes from the Archives at Paris and Brussels, by Mr. J. A. Froude.

Messrs. J. H. & James Parker have in the press "A Manual of Monumental Brasses," comprising an introduction to the study of these memorials, and a list of those remaining in the British isles, with 200 illustrations, by the Rev. Herbert Haines; and a "Memoir of the late Joshua Watson," by the Venerable Archdeacon Churton.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall have nearly ready "The Uncommercial Traveller," by Mr. Charles Dickens, reprinted from *All the Year Round*. Mr. Charles W. Heaton's book, which is to be published during the present month, by the same firm, is entitled "The Threshold of Chemistry," and not "The Fireside of Chemistry," as has been erroneously stated in a contemporary journal.

Messrs. Macmillan have in preparation "A Life of Blake," the artist, to be copiously illustrated from his own productions; also "Lives of the Sheridans," from the graceful pen of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, who is a granddaughter of the famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The same publishers announce Professor

Kingsley's "Inaugural Lecture before the University of Cambridge," as just ready.

Messrs. Darton have in the press "The Interviews of Great Men—the Results and Influence upon Society."

Messrs. Whittaker announce "Choice Thoughts, Sentences, and Aphorisms from Shakespeare," and a second edition of the "Book of Familiar Quotations."

Messrs. Day & Son are preparing for immediate publication, "The Colours of the British Army," by R. F. M'Nair, to be published fortnightly; "Specimens of Mediaeval Architecture in France and Italy," by W. E. Nesfield; an "Illuminated Psalter," by Owen Jones; and "The Sermon on the Mount," illuminated by W. & G. Audsley.

Messrs. Adam & Charles Black announce that the twenty-third and concluding volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is nearly ready, and will be published shortly. A complete Index is in preparation, and will be published separately.

Messrs. Hurst & Blackett announce a new novel by the author of "The Morals of May Fair," called "The World's Verdict;" "Twelve O'Clock," a ghost story, by the author of "Grandmother's Money;" "Family Romance," by Sir A. Burke, Ulster King-at-Arms, being the new volume of the "Standard Library;" Lodge's "Peerage and Baronetage for 1861;" and Thornbury's "British Artists, from Hogarth to Turner," will be ready next week.

The Very Rev. F. W. Faber, D. D. has in the press a new work to be published by Messrs. Thomas Richardson & Son, of Paternoster-row, entitled "Bethlehem." Messrs. Thomas Richardson & Son have also in the press "The Life of Cardinal Pole;" "A Mirror for Monks, or Looking-glass of the Soul," by Lewis Blossius; and "Lionello," a sequel to "The Jew of Verona," translated from the Italian.

The volume of "Good Words" for 1861, edited by Dr. Norman Macleod, will contain a new story by the author of "John Halifax." Macmillan will commence the new year with a new story entitled "Ravenshoe: or, the Adventures of a Young English Gentleman," by Henry Kingsley, author of "Geoffrey Hamlyn;" while Fraser will, at the same time, commence a new tale, called "All Down Hill," by the author of "Digby Grand."

"The Lord's Prayer Explained to Children," just published by W. Kent & Co., has been ascribed in one or two journals to the Rev. J. M. Bellev. This is an error. The work, beautifully illustrated, is from the pen of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, Mr. Bellev having written the preface.

A new periodical is announced, to be entitled *The Drawing Room*. It is to resemble in type and columns the *Saturday Review*, and to have plain and coloured illustrations. The paper will, we are informed, aim at the somewhat startling object of being a sort of ladies' sporting paper.

Whatever objections fastidious critics may make to what are called "family editions" of old authors, it is evident that they supply a real want. While Messrs. Longman will publish a new edition of Bowdler's well-known "Family Shakespeare" in one vol. (of which they are the original publishers), Messrs. Griffin & Co. announce an edition at half a guinea of the same work; and Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, will commence, on the 5th of January, the publication, in weekly numbers, of a "Household Shakespeare," purified of objectionable words and phrases, to be complete in eight volumes.

Southgate and Barrett have concluded the great sale of illustrated works—"The Art-Treasures of the United Kingdom," Owen Jones's "Grammar of Ornament," "The Treasury of Ornamental Art," "The Baronial Halls of England," and numerous copies of other standard publications. The total amount of the sale is little short of £20,000.

M. St. Beuve has just completed the issue of the second edition of "Port Royal; or Moral, Religious, and Literary Society of the Seventeenth Century." This edition is so much enlarged and altered, that it may be looked upon as almost a fresh work; the new notes alone are a library in themselves, and contain a vast amount of incidental matter, much of it extremely piquant.

Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, author of "A Maritime History of France under the Republic and the First Empire," and of "A Voyage in China," has just issued a work likely to attract some attention in England. It is called "Souvenirs of an Admiral," and is, in fact, a history of the French navy from the time of Louis XVI. to the year 1825, interspersed rather oddly with episodes of a somewhat romantic, not to say imaginary nature.

A. Franck promises for next week "Frederick the Second, Catharine, and the Partition of Poland," from authentic documents by Frederic de Smitt; and an "Agronomic Voyage in Russia," by A. Jourdiere.

Among French gift-books is "The Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes," by the Abbé Tenengi.

Perrotin has published the "State of France in 1789," by Paul Boiteau.

The eighteenth volume of Thiers' "History of the Consulate and the Empire" is announced for the 5th of December, with a map, under M. Thiers' editorship.

M. S. Delorme promises his "Men of the Time of Homer," to appear shortly.

"Le Lac," by Lamartine, is announced.

At the Royal Geographical Society, on Monday, the 10th, meeting at half-past eight p.m., at Burlington House, the following papers will be read:—"Communication with the S.W. Provinces of China from Rangoon, in British Pegu," by Captain R. Sprye and R. H. T. Sprye, Esq.; "Notes on the proposed Communication between India and China," by J. McCosh, Esq., M.D., late of the Bengal Staff.

In consequence of the pressure of Advertisements upon our space, we have this week been compelled to enlarge our paper by a Supplementary issue of four pages, making 56 columns, instead of our usual number of 48.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S SWEET SCENTS.—Frangipanni, Kiss-me-quick, White Rose, and others from every flower that breathes a fragrance, in bottles, 2s. 6d. each, or three in a case, 7s. Sold by every fashionable druggist and perfumer in all parts of the world.—Laboratory of Flowers, 2, NEW BOND-STREET, London.

PAPER AND ENVELOPES.

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Sermon Paper, plain, 4s.; ditto, ruled, 5s. per ream. Good Copy Books, 40 pages, 2s. per dozen. P. & Co.'s celebrated "School Pens," only 1s. per gross. Pen-holders, 2s. per gross. No Charge for Stamping: Crest Dies, from 5s.; Business Dies, from 3s. 6d.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—CATTLE SHOW WEEK.—Visitors to London will find the Palace unusually replete with attraction.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—WEDNESDAY NEXT and THREE FOLLOWING DAYS, GREAT POULTRY SHOW.—Admission One Shilling.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—WEDNESDAY NEXT and THREE FOLLOWING DAYS, GREAT AGRICULTURAL ROOT SHOW, and COLLECTION of AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—COMMENCING WEDNESDAY NEXT.—The Stalls of Exhibitors now fitted up in the Naves preparatory to the CHRISTMAS FAIR will be found replete with every description of article suitable for presents at this season of the year.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY NEXT.—Four Lilliputian Horses, under 30 inches high; Three Brittany Sheep, weighing when fattened only 18 to 20 lbs. each; Six beautiful Cows, 36 inches high; will be Exhibited in the Centre Transept.—Admission to all One Shilling; Children under Twelve, Sixpence.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—ARRANGEMENTS for WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15th.

MONDAY, Open at Nine. Other days at Ten. Admission, all the week, One Shilling each day; Children under Twelve, Sixpence.

THE GREAT WINTER SHOW of POULTRY, PIGEONS, RABBITS, and AGRICULTURAL ROOTS will commence on Wednesday and close on Saturday. During the Show will also be exhibited a Collection of Diminutive Horses, Sheep, and Cows: the Horses under 30 inches high, the Sheep 18 lbs. each, and the Cows 36 inches high.

Orchestral Band and Great Organ Performances daily. Extensive Picture Gallery. Machinery in Motion. Fine display of Chrysanthemums in bloom.

Season Tickets, Available until 30th April, 1861, 10s. 6d. each.

SUNDAY. Open, at 1:30, to Shareholders gratuitously, by tickets.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA COVENT GARDEN.—Under the Management of Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON, Sole Lessees. The sensation created with the Public on the first representation of Balfe's New Legendary Opera was most enthusiastic. Continuous applause marked its progress from the rise until the fall of the curtain. The demand for places daily at the Box-office to witness this great musical work of our popular English composer places the Management in the proud position of announcing the performance of *BIANCA, THE BRAVO'S BRIDE*, Every Evening until further notice. On MONDAY, December 10th, and during the week, Balfe's New Legendary Opera *BIANCA, THE BRAVO'S BRIDE*, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Thirlwall; Messrs. A. Laurence, J. Wharton, H. Corri, A. St. Albyn, G. Kelly, Wallworth, T. Distin, Lyall, and W. Harrison. Conductor—Mr. Alfred Mellon. Orchestra of Eighty Performers. Chorus of Fifty Voices. Concluding with a Divertissement. Stage-Manager—Mr. Edward Stirling; Acting-Manager—Mr. Edward Murray. Doors open at Seven, Commence at half-past Seven. No charge for Booking, or fees to Box-keepers.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—MONDAY, December 10th, and during the Week, AN UNEQUAL MATCH. Miss Amy Sedgwick in her original character of Hester Glazebrook; Mrs. Montessor, Miss Talbot, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Compton, Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Rogers, Mrs. E. Fitzwilliams, &c.; with JENNY LIND AT LAST; in which Miss Rose Howard, from the principal American theatres, will appear. Concluding with a Ballet of the SUN AND THE WIND, by the Leclerqs.

NEW THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—Sole Proprietor and Manager Mr. B. WEBSTER.—Engagement for a limited number of nights of Mr. DION BOUCICAULT and Miss AGNES ROBERTSON who will appear every evening in the *COLLEEN BAWN*.—On Monday and during the week, the new Farce, entitled AN UGLY CUSTOMER—Messrs. J. L. Toole, C. Selby, Miss K. Kelly, and E. Thorne. *THE COLLEEN BAWN*—Messrs. D. Boucicault, D. Fisher, Billington, C. J. Smith, Romer, Warde, Miss Agnes Robertson, Miss Woolgar, Mrs. Billington, and Mrs. Chatterley. And *THAT BLESSED BABY*—Mr. J. L. Toole, Billington, Miss K. Kelly, Laidlaw, and Mrs. Chatterley. Commence at Seven. Acting-Manager, Mr. W. Smith.

ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Directress, Madame CELESTE.—Continued enthusiastic success of Mr. JOHN DREW, the celebrated Irish Comedian.—"The finest delineator of Irish Characters since the time of Mr. Power." In consequence of numerous and repeated inquiries at the Box-office revival of *THE IRISH AMBASSADOR*—Sir Patrick O'Plenipo (first time), Mr. John Drew. Brilliant and increased attraction of *ADRIENNE*.—On MONDAY, 10th December, 1860, and during the Week (in consequence of the length of the Entertainment the Performances will commence at a Quarter to Seven), with the *PETS OF THE PARTERRE*—Principal Characters by Mr. H. Neville, Mr. J. Rouse, Miss Neville, Miss Maria Ternan, and Miss Lydia Thompson. After which, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, the favourite Comedy of *THE IRISH AMBASSADOR*—Principal Characters by Mr. John Drew (his Thirteenth Appearance), Mr. Campbell, Mr. J. Johnstone, Mr. H. Neville, Mr. T. Lyon, Mr. Forrester, Miss Maria Ternan, and Miss Hudspeth. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, the New Drama, in Two Acts, entitled *HANDY ANDY*—Principal Characters by Messrs. Campbell, Johnstone, T. Lyon, Forrester, Villiers, Butler, and John Drew; Mrs. J. Rouse, Misses M. Ternan, Neville, and Hudspeth. To conclude with every Evening, the brilliantly successful New Drama, in Three Acts, entitled *ADRIENNE; OR, THE SECRET OF A LIFE*. The New Scenery under the direction of Mr. William Calcott. Principal Characters by Messrs. George Vining, Henry Neville, J. Rouse, J. Johnstone, T. Lyon, Campbell, Forrester, Butler, Clifford; Mrs. Keeley, and Madame Celeste.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Lessees, Messrs. F. ROBSON & W. S. EMDEN.—On MONDAY, and during the week, to commence with a comedieta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., to be called *HOME FOR A HOLIDAY*. Characters by Messrs. F. Robson, W. Gordon, H. Wigan, H. Cooper, and Miss Louisa Keeley. After which, *DADDY HARDACRE*. Characters by Messrs. F. Robson, W. Gordon, G. Cooke, and H. Wigan; Miss Hughes and Mrs. Stephens. To conclude with *IN A REGULAR FIX*. Characters by Messrs. F. Robson, G. Cooke, W. Gordon, G. Murray; Mesdames Leigh Murray, Stephens, and Cottrell. Doors open at Seven, commence at half-past Seven.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION (Limited). Lecture by Mr. GARDNER on the Secondary or Induced Current, exhibiting the most brilliant Experiments in Electricity.—More Worlds than One, a popular Lecture, illustrated with Telescopic Views.—The Largest Geological Model in the World, showing the formation and materials of the Earth.—A Unique Collection of Paintings.—Dissolving Views—Italy and Sicily.—The Splendid Illuminated Cascade.—Collins's Electro Block-Printing, &c. Admission 1s. Schools, and Children under Ten Years of Age, Half-price. Hours—Daily, 12 to 5; Evenings, 7 to 10 o'clock. An Educational Department has been formed, with suitable Class Rooms. Besides the ordinary Art and Literary Courses, Classes are being formed in Engineering, Drawing, Architecture, Chess, &c. Lectures by Dr. Pick, on the 15th and 22nd instant, at Two and Seven p.m., on the Cultivation of the Memory.

EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.—Miss EMMA STANLEY, having returned from her tour through America, California, Sandwich Islands, Australia, and India, has RE-COMMENCED her LYRIC ENTERTAINMENT, entitled, *THE SEVEN AGES of WOMAN*, every evening, at eight (except Saturday); on Saturdays at three afternoon.—Stalls, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery, 1s.; which can be taken daily at the Hall from eleven to three.

BUCKLEYS' SERENADERS.—GREAT ATTRACTION for the CATTLE SHOW WEEK.—St. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly. Crowded houses every performance. EVENING at Eight. SATURDAY AFTERNOON at Three. Tickets may be secured at Austin's Ticket Office, 21, Piccadilly, from 10 till 5. Stalls, 3s. Area, 2s. Gallery, 1s. No Bonnets are allowed in the Stalls. Books of the Words, 6d. each. Change of Programme. "The most unique and varied entertainment in the Metropolis."

THE RELIEF of LUCKNOW.—The Triumphant Meeting of Havelock, Outram, and Colin Campbell, surrounded by their Brave Companions. This grand Picture, by T. J. BARKER, Esq., is still ON VIEW from 9 to 6 o'clock. Admission Free, by Private Address Card. N.B. In dark weather, and after 3 o'clock, the Picture is brilliantly illuminated by artificial light. HAYWARD & LEGGATT, 79, CORNHILL.

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY (Established 1834), at the end of each Year prints, for general circulation, a Cash Account and Balance Sheet detailing its affairs. The Report and Accounts for the past Year may be had by a written or personal application to the Actuary, or to any of the Society's Agents.

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35	1 5 2	2 10 4
40	1 9 5	2 18 10

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

Prospectuses sent free on application.

SOVEREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
48, St. James's-street, London, S.W.

TRUSTEES.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot.
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Chairman—Lieut.-Col. Lord Arthur Lennox.
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Lieut.-Col. Bathurst. | Charles Osborn, Esq.

Bankers—Sir Claude Scott, Bart., and Co.
Solicitors—Messrs. Davies, Son, Campbell, and Co.

Capital.....£500,000
Invested Funds.....110,000
Annual Income.....40,000

To the security thus afforded, the Office adds the advantages of moderate rates and liberal management.

The Bonuses declared have been unusually large, and amount in some cases to a return of four-fifths of the premium paid.

No charges whatever are made beyond the premium.

For those who desire to provide for themselves in old age, sums may be assured payable on attaining a given age, as 50, 55, or 60, or at death, if it occur previously.

Endowments for Children are made payable on attaining the ages of 14, 18, or 21, so as to meet the demands which education or settlement in life may create. By the payment of a slightly increased rate, the premiums are returned in the event of previous death.

The Tables of Rates here given are of necessity very limited, but every information will be readily afforded on application.

HENRY D. DAVENPORT, Sec.

EUROPEAN ASSURANCE SOCIETY.
Empowered by Special Act of Parliament (22 Vic., cap. 25), for the Assurance of Lives, Annuities, and the Guarantee of Fidelity in Situations of Trust.

CHIEF OFFICE:—2, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, London, S.W.

The existing Revenue from Premiums exceeds One Hundred Thousand Pounds.

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Immediate Annuities, payable during the whole of Life may be purchased on the following Scale:—

Annuities granted at the undermentioned Ages for every £100 of Purchase Money.

Ages	50	55	60	65	70
And payable Yearly	7 17 6	8 16 8	10 3 4	12 1 3	14 16 2

List of Shareholders, Prospectuses, and Agency Applications may be obtained on application to the Manager.

STATE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Chief Offices, 32, Ludgate-hill, and 3, Pall-mall East, London. Capital half-a-million.

Chairman—The Right Hon. Lord KEANE.

Managing Director—PETER MORRISON, Esq.

New Premiums for the year ending 31st of March, 1860 ... £23,476 8 0

Total premium income for the year ending 31st of March, 1860 ... 41,769 5 1

Agents Wanted.—This Company not having any life business, the Directors invite agents acting only for life companies to represent the Company for fire, plate-glass, and accidental death insurances, to whom a liberal commission will be allowed. Every information furnished on application to the Secretary, 32, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C.

WILLIAM CANWELL, Sec.

Established 1838.

VICTORIA AND LEGAL AND COMMERCIAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
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O.B. Woolsey, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.

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George Denny, Esq. | W. K. Jameson, Esq.

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Every description of Life Assurance business is transacted. Advances are made on Mortgage of Freehold Property, Life and Reversionary Interests, &c., and also to Assurers on Personal Security. The Assets are £340,000, and the income is over £63,000 per annum. Four-fifths of the entire Profits are appropriated to the Assured. Three divisions of considerable amount have already taken place.

WILLIAM RATRAY, Actuary.

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
ESTABLISHED 1825.

The first Division of Profits took place in 1835; and subsequent Divisions have been made in 1840, 1845, 1850, and 1855.

The next division will be declared in 1861, when the amount can be added to each policy, its value taken in cash, or applied to the reduction of future premiums, at the option of the assured.

Accumulated Fund £1,800,000 0 0

Annual Revenue 300,000 0 0

The Company purchases its policies on equitable terms, and grants loans to the extent of their value, at a moderate rate of interest.

Forfeited policies can be revived within thirteen months of lapsing, on certain conditions.

Policies of five years' duration are eligible for admission to select class of assurance, which includes free residence in any part of the world.

One of the Medical Officers attends at the London Office daily at Half-past One o'clock.

WILL THOS. THOMSON, Manager.

H. JONES WILLIAMS, Resident Secretary.

LONDON 82, KING WILLIAM STREET.

EDINBURGH 3, GEORGE STREET (Head Office).

DUBLIN 66, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

EMPEROR LIFE AND FIRE ASSURANCE SOCIETIES.
78, Cannon-street West, and Queen-street, London.

TRUSTEES.

J. F. Bontems, Esq. | Ebenezer Clarke, Esq.

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Seventy per Cent of the Profits given to the Assured. Upwards of 2,500 Life Policies have been issued during the past year.

Quarterly Payments for a Sum payable at Death; or, if living, at a given age.

For £20. £50. £100. £500.

s. d. s. d. s. d. £ s. d.

Age 21 1 11 4 9 9 6 2 7 6

„ 25 2 2 5 3 10 6 2 12 6

„ 30 2 5 6 0 11 11 2 19 7

Policies made payable during the lifetime of the assured, without extra premium, in accordance with the recommendation of the Select Committee of the House of Commons.

Claims Paid to the Policy-holders within fourteen days after satisfactory proof of death.

Stamps and Medical Fees paid by the Office.

Loans granted on Real and Personal Security.

Fire Insurance at the usual rates.

EBENEZER CLARKE, Jun., Sec.

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3, CHARLOTTE ROW, MANSION HOUSE.

Established 1850.

TO THE MILLION.

BANK OF DEPOSIT (Established A.D. 1844),
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Parties desirous of investing Money are requested to examine the Plan of the Bank of Deposit, by which a high rate of interest may be obtained, with ample security.

Deposits made by special agreement may be withdrawn without notice.

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LOANS granted.

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residing in a retired and healthy village, well versed in the treatment of nervous and other patients requiring change of air, with medical supervision, has a Vacancy for an Innate.

For particulars, references, &c., apply to M. D., Laxfield Villa, near Framlingham, Suffolk.

HOSPITAL FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN,

New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

President—SAMUEL GURNEY, Esq., M.P.

The support of the public is earnestly solicited for this charity, which continues to be greatly resorted to by the poorer classes of the metropolis and of all parts of the kingdom; and, like similar institutions in Paris and Vienna, affords, in this still more populous city, a very large field for the study of the numerous and distressing cutaneous disorders from which few trades or callings are exempt. The Hospital is provided with beds for women and children, and with a suite of Medicated Baths.

For particulars apply to the Secretary or Dispenser.

GEORGE BURT, F.R.C.S., Hon. Sec.

ALFRED S. RICHARDS, Secretary.

PRIZE POEM.

OLYMPIAN GAMES.
COUNTY OF SALOP.—1861.

The Committee conducting the Second Annual Meeting of these Games have the honour to announce their intention to give a PRIZE of £20 for the best POEM on the subject of the "Ruins of Uricolium." Also, a PRIZE of £5 for the second in merit. Open to all England.

PRIZES will also be given for PAINTINGS and DRAWINGS. Open for Students of the Schools of Art in the County of Salop.

The Poem, bearing a short "motto," but not the name of the author, to be sent to Mr. SLANEY, Wellington, Salop, on or before the 1st of MAY, 1861. The name of the author, in a sealed letter, bearing outside a duplicate of the motto, to be enclosed in an envelope and directed to Mr. LEAKE, Wellington, Salop, on or before the above date.

SALES BY AUCTION.

KIDWELLS, NEAR MAIDENHEAD, BERKS.

MESSRS. DANIEL SMITH, SON, & OAKLEY have received instructions to offer for SALE by AUCTION, at the MART, near the Bank of England, on TUESDAY, the 11th day of DECEMBER, at Twelve (unless previously disposed of by Private Contract), a very desirable FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, on a moderate scale, known as Kidwells, with stabling and coach-house, lawn, parterre, and pleasure-grounds, screened by ornamental trees and evergreens, good kitchen garden, &c., with a park-like paddock adjoining, finely timbered and belted by shrubby plantations; also a valuable plot of ground, on which is a small farm-yard, with large garden attached, having a considerable frontage to West-street, and embracing in the whole 11 acres. The residence, placed upon a dry and healthy soil, is approached by a carriage drive, and contains large entrance hall, dining and drawing rooms of excellent proportions, with morning room, all opening to the lawn and grounds, small study, &c., and suitable domestic offices. The chambers comprise six principal apartments, with two servants' rooms, closets, &c.

To any gentleman desirous of possessing a residence suitable for a moderate establishment and of an inexpensive character, within an hour's ride of the metropolis by a fine line of railway, in a beautiful neighbourhood, it presents a desirable purchase; and its proximity to the meets of the Royal stag hounds, Mr. Garth's fox hounds, and other packs, and to the noble river which flows so near, give additional value either as a hunting box, or as an occasional residence during the summer months.

Particulars and orders to view may be obtained of R. A. WARD, Esq., Solicitor, Maidenhead; of Mr. CLEARE, Dumb Bell Inn, near the Taplow Station; and of Messrs. DANIEL SMITH, SON, & OAKLEY, Land Agents and Surveyors, 10, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, London, S.W.

FREEHOLD BUILDING LAND and HOUSES, adjoining the entrance of the Victoria (London) Docks and the Station on the North Woolwich Railway, in the parish of West Ham, Essex.

MESSRS. DANIEL SMITH, SON, & OAKLEY have received instructions to offer for SALE by AUCTION, at the MART, near the Bank of England, on TUESDAY, the 11th day of DECEMBER, next, in 33 lots, SIXTY-FOUR FREEHOLD HOUSES, together with several valuable Plots of Building Land.

Lots 1 to 5 each comprise two semi-detached six-roomed houses, known as Plaistow Villas, Victoria Dock-road, let at 10s. per week each.

Lot 6 consists of 29 houses, being Nos. 1 to 29, Bell and Anchor Cottages, let at sums amounting to £338 per annum.

Lot 7 consists of nine similar houses, Nos. 21 to 29, Bell and Anchor Cottages, producing a rental of £152. 2s. per annum.

Lot 8 comprises 16 cottages, exactly resembling the last lot, Nos. 30 to 45, Bell and Anchor Cottages, let at £270. 8s. per annum.

Lot 9, six similar houses, Nos. 46 to 51, Bell and Anchor Cottages, producing a rental of £101. 8s. per annum.

Lot 10 consists of three houses, with grocer's shop and bake-house, in Alfred-street, let at sums amounting to £53. 1s. The houses are all let to respectable tenants, and are in good repair, having all been substantially built of brick within the last 10 years, and recently painted throughout.

Lots 13 to 31 comprise various Plots of valuable Building Land, having extensive frontages to soundly-formed roads, and well adapted for the erection of factories or small houses.

Lot 32 consists of a desirable Plot of Land, containing 2a. 1r. 7p., and having a frontage of about 390 feet to the Victoria-road, by an average depth of 290 feet.

Lot 33 is an eligible corner Plot of Building Land, containing 1r. 1sp., having frontages to the Prince Regent's-lane and to the Victoria-road, a short distance beyond the Custom-house.

Particulars, with Plans and Conditions of Sale, may be obtained of Messrs. SWIFT, WAGSTAFF, & BLENKINSOP, Solicitors, 32, Great George-street, S.W.; at the Mart; and of Messrs. DANIEL SMITH, SON, & OAKLEY, Land Agents and Surveyors, 10, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, S.W.

VALUABLE FREEHOLD WHARF & BUILDING LAND adjoining the entrance to the Victoria (London) Docks.

MESSRS. DANIEL SMITH, SON, & OAKLEY have received instructions to offer for SALE by AUCTION, at the MART, near the Bank of England, on TUESDAY, the 11th day of DECEMBER next, a valuable, extensive, and well-constructed WHARF, situate at the entrance to the Victoria (London) Docks, having a frontage of 130 feet to the river Thames, and containing about 2a. 3r. 1p. The wharf wall is most substantially constructed of iron piling and plating, with stone coping, and, from its situation, is a very desirable property.

Also, in a separate lot, an eligible Plot of Freehold Land, adjoining, containing about 4a. 0r. 20p., close to the Dock entrance; very suitable for commercial purposes or for the erection of small houses.

Particulars, with plans and conditions of sale, may be obtained of Messrs. SWIFT, WAGSTAFF, & BLENKINSOP, solicitors, 32, Great George-street, S.W.; at the Mart; and of Messrs. DANIEL SMITH, SON, & OAKLEY, Land-agents and Surveyors, 10, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, London, S.W.

LONDON, TILBURY, AND SOUTHEAST RAILWAY.—

Surplus Property, in the parish of Barking, Essex.
MESSRS. DANIEL SMITH, SON, & OAKLEY have received instructions to **SELL** by AUCTION, at the **GEORGE INN, BARKING**, on **WEDNESDAY, the 12th DECEMBER**, at Three o'clock, various lots of **FREEHOLD PROPERTY**, close to the Barking Railway Station and Barking-town; comprising two dwelling-houses, twelve cottages, and several plots of building or accommodation land.

Particulars, with Plan, may be obtained of Messrs. **CROWDER, MAYNARD, SON, & LAWFORD**, 57, Coleman-street, E.C.; of Messrs. **HOLLINGSWORTH & TYERMAN**, 24, Gresham-street, E.C.; at the Secretary's office, Fenchurch-street Station, E.C.; at the Barking Railway Station; at the Mart; at the place of sale; and of Messrs. **DANIEL SMITH, SON, & OAKLEY**, Land Agents and Surveyors, 10, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, London, S.W.

SURREY.—Important and extensive Building Estate, contiguous to the Redhill Junction of the South Eastern, London and Brighton, and the Reading and Reigate Railways.

MESSRS. DANIEL SMITH, SON, & OAKLEY have received instructions to **SELL** by AUCTION, at the **MART**, near the Bank of England, on **TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18**, at Twelve, in various lots, the **REMAINING PORTION** of this valuable **FREEHOLD ESTATE**, parts of which are leased and under agreements for leases to builders and others, and which, from its peculiarly central position with regard to railway accommodation and its healthy and favourite locality, will speedily become almost entirely available for building purposes of a profitable and superior character, as a respectable neighbourhood is rapidly springing up on various parts of the property, and in its immediate vicinity. The property is well circumstanced with regard to the supply of water and facilities for proper drainage, and there are extensive frontages to the turnpike road from London to Brighton. It includes a brick field, with pottery in full work.

This property is worthy the attention of builders and speculators who are desirous of undertaking building operations on an extensive scale, as well as private gentlemen who wish to build residences for their own occupation, it being within less than an hour's journey of the city (London-bridge Station) and the west-end (Victoria Station), and upon the completion of the Charing-cross Railway, now in progress, will have the advantage of two west-end stations.

Particulars and plans may be had on application to **E. FANSON, Esq.**, 9, Laurence Pountney-lane, E.C.; of **E. WESTERN, Esq.**, Solicitor, 7, Great James-street, Bedford-row, E.C.; at the Mart, E.C.; at **Mr. THORNTON'S** Office, Old Bank, Reigate; and of Messrs. **D. SMITH, SON, and OAKLEY**, Land Agents and Surveyors, 10, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, S.W.

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Crystal Glass Chandeliers, for Gas and Candles. Wall Lights and Mantel-piece Lustres, do. do. Table Glass and Glass Dessert Services complete. Ornamental Glass, English and Foreign, suitable for Presents. Mess, Export, and Furnishing Orders promptly executed.

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WINTER HOSIERY of every description, including all the newest patterns in warm woollen stockings and under-clothing for family use and invalids. Superior coloured flannels for shirts, dressing-gowns, &c., in great variety.

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COFFEES in England are to be obtained of **PHILLIPS & CO., TEA MERCHANTS**, 8, King William-street, City.

Good strong useful Tea, 2s. 8d., 2s. 10d., 3s., and 4s.; rich Son-chong, 3s. 8d., 3s. 10d., and 4s. Pure Coffees, 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 3d., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., and 1s. 8d. Tea and Coffee to the value of 40s. sent carriage-free to any Railway Station or market town in England. A price current free. Sugars at market prices. All goods carriage-free within eight miles of the City.

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FURNITURE.—The whole of his new premises (234) has been devoted to this branch of the Trade, where he will always have on hand a large assortment of good genuine Furniture, at prices that must command the attention of purchasers.

Note the Address—Opposite Percy-street, Bedford-square.

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Another excellence of this Soap is, that it may be used with either hard or soft water, a quality which renders it extremely agreeable to gentlemen of the Navy and Army, or families travelling to other countries, change of climate never in the least diminishing its properties.

Sold in Square Cakes, prices 1s. and 1s. 6d. each; and Tablets.

To be had of most respectable Perfumers and Chemists in Town and Country, or of the Inventors, **A. & F. PEAR'S**, 91, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

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THE EMPRESS PORT, a French Wine of superior quality, the genuine growth of the south of France. Being a pure grape, free from any adulteration, with a pleasant tone, this wine will after one trial become a universal favourite at the table of every family. Price, bottles and town delivery included, 21s. per dozen. One dozen sent carriage-paid to any British railway station, on receipt of an order on Charing-cross Post-office for 23s. 6d., payable to A. Rophe, Director. A great variety of the finest wines in France. Price-list sent free. The French Vineyard Association have recently taken extensive cellars at the west-end, for the purpose of introducing French Wines only to the British public at French trade prices, and the members of the Association being proprietors of the most esteemed growths in France, families patronizing such wines will become assured of their genuineness. French Vineyard Association, 32, Regent-circus, Piccadilly.

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